

The Sketch

No. 1350.—Vol. CIV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



WIFE OF THE EIGHTH DUKE: THE NEW DUCHESS OF GRAFTON.

By the death of the seventh Duke of Grafton, who passed away on Dec. 4, at the patriarchal age of ninety-six, the title has descended to the eighth Duke, Lord Alfred William Maitland FitzRoy, who took the courtesy title of Earl of Euston on the death of his brother, Lord Alfred,

being the second son of the late Duke. The new Duchess of Grafton is the second wife of the Duke, to whom she was married in 1916, and was, before her marriage, the Baroness Borthwick. The new Duke was born in 1850.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER—WITH FIVE COLOURED KIRCHNERS.

"The Sketch" Christmas Number is now on sale. Contained in it are five coloured pictures by Raphael Kirchner—one of them a double-page. Amongst the other chief features are *Poloed Plays*; *The Christmas-Gift Girls*; *Stories by W. Douglas Newton and others*; *If Real Life were Real Life*; *Other Christmases—By Pavilion Pill to—*; *Comic pictures by W. Heath Robinson, G. E. Studdy, and others*. Owing to the paper restrictions, it is necessary for those wanting copies to obtain them from bookstall or newsagent at once. The price is Two Shillings.

MOTLEY NOTES.

The Three Questions. The three questions of the day (I take it for granted that the immediate and future welfare of the fighting-men is in safe hands) are as follows—

- (1) WILL THE KAISER BE HANGED?
- (2) IS GERMANY TO PAY FOR THE WAR?
- (3) ARE THE GERMANS TO STAY IN ENGLAND?

Those are the questions I hear asked on all sides by all sorts of people. Other things are incidental.

We are not, in plain language, to be put off by mere petty concessions. We don't care which side gets returned to Parliament unless that side is going to hang the Kaiser, make Germany pay for the war, and clear the Germans out of the country. Let all political orators run, read, and believe.

With Regard to the Kaiser.

The Kaiser is playing out time. With every day that passes and leaves him in safety and luxury his chances of ultimate escape improve. We are bad haters. We easily forget. We do not like taking life in cold blood. We grow more and more inclined to listen to the people who urge that if you kill the Kaiser you make a martyr of him, and his memory will then be worshipped. Imagine any sane creature worshipping the memory of William II. of Germany! The memory of Charles I. is worshipped, but he was a very different kettle of fish. Contrast his mere appearance with the appearance of the Kaiser. Contrast his sayings with the sayings of the Kaiser.

Whatever his faults—and I admit to being very hazy about his faults—Charles I. was a gentleman. I don't think there is any instance on record of Charles I. having ordered a child's feet to be cut off. He may have made war on little children; but, if he did, my memory is sadly at fault. Again, I doubt whether Charles I. took any serious pleasure in maiming and killing the already maimed or in torturing helpless prisoners. If he did, history should make some mention of the fact. But history does not.

My boyish impression of Charles I. was that he was a gentleman who got at loggerheads with a section of the people who did not care much for gentlemen. If you think the Germans will worship the memory of William II., who hoarded food and lived in luxury while his own people starved—then you condemn the whole German race.

With Regard to Payment.

Now about the payment. I am far from being a financier—nobody could be much further—but I do know that Germany is a tremendously rich country. A man is considered rich, or should be considered

BY KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

rich, not for what his balance at the bank may be, but for the fixed and assured income that he can rely upon each year. Germany's balance at the bank may be low—it may be even overdrawn. What of that? Any banker would advance her an almost unlimited sum against such security as her national wealth.

She has lost nothing that she cannot very quickly make good. She will make good far more quickly than will this country, for the German knows how to make good—in the financial sense. She will make good, and we shall still be floundering in comparative poverty. And then she will be able, slowly, to buy us up.

And why? Because we lost the war? Oh dear, no. We won the war, but we did not like to be so unkind to Germany as to make her pay our out-of-pocket expenses.

Either the Germans are going to pay for this war or we are—and "we" includes generations of English children yet unborn. A fine heritage we shall have for them! Well may they wonder if we did actually win when they find themselves the hereditary financial slaves of Germany!

With Regard to Harbouaring Huns.

The question of harbouring the Hun in our midst is the most delicate of all. Most people, in the past, have had friends among Germans. It seems a little ungracious, now that the war is over, to turn on them and kick them out. I am not sure that Charles I. would have done it. He would perhaps have said, with a yawn, "Oh, I'm sick

of the whole business. Let the poor devils alone. What harm can they do?"

Well, that is very charming; but that may be why they took off his head. You cannot always afford to be charming and generous. It is not always right. Indeed, it may be criminal. If you had an old servant to whom you were much attached, and that old servant developed an incurable and highly contagious disease, would you let that old servant hang about the house to the danger of the other members of your household? No. You would be sorry for him; you would say that it was not his fault; you would possibly smooth the way for his departure—but you would see to it, as a matter of duty to your children, that he went.

Germans cannot help being Germans. They cannot help it—but, equally, neither can we. We have discovered what is the matter with them, and we have decided that they must go. In certain cases we shall be sorry, but that does not affect the matter. They must go. The *people* of this country are at one on the subject. They are not thinking of themselves; they are thinking of the future. It is the future that matters.



LORD AND LADY EUSTACE PERCY'S WEDDING: LEAVING THE CHURCH.

Lord Eustace Percy, whose marriage to Miss Stella Drummond took place on Dec. 4, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, is the third son of the late Duke of Northumberland. His bride is the daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Laurence Drummond. A pleasant feature of the ceremony was the presence of a guard of honour of girl munition-workers, who had worked side by side with the bride when she, too, was a maker of munitions. Our photograph shows Lord and Lady Eustace Percy leaving St. Margaret's after the ceremony.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

LONDON OCCASIONS : PHOTOGRAPHS VARIOUS.



UNDER THE EYE OF THE LAW: U.S. SAILORS SLEEPING NEAR LORD RUSSELL'S STATUE IN THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.



THE LAW COURTS AS A HOSTELRY FOR U.S. SAILORS IN LONDON: AT A CANTEEN RUN BY THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.



FOR THE CHILDREN'S JEWEL FUND DOLL SHOW AT SUNDERLAND HOUSE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) DOLLS GIVEN BY (1) LADY MURIEL W.LOUGHBY; (2) THE QUEEN; (3) A DANISH DOLL GIVEN BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA; (4) A WELSH DOLL GIVEN BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



OPENING OF THE SEA-POWER EXHIBITION: (L. TO R.) ADMIRAL WEMYSS, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND SIR ERIC GEDDES.

The great hall of the Law Courts was last week converted into a dormitory for 700 men from U.S. war-ships in British waters. A canteen was opened in the bar at the northern end, where they were served by American Red Cross nurses.—The Children's Jewel Fund Doll Show is being held at Sunderland House, Curzon Street, from Dec. 10 to 20. The Fund, which gives grants to child welfare centres, raised over £26,000 in one



THE OPENING OF THE SAVOY FAIR: PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT (SECOND FROM RIGHT) AND MRS. JAMES BURN.

month alone.—The Sea-Power Exhibition was opened last Wednesday at the Grosvenor Galleries by the Duke of Connaught, who was in Naval uniform as Master of Trinity House.—On the same day, his daughter, Princess Patricia, at the Savoy Hotel, opened the Savoy Fair, of which Mrs. James Burn was hon. secretary and organiser. The Princess is ever ready to lend her valuable help to worthy undertakings.



Marshal Foch. Great men are generally so disappointing that I went to see Marshal Foch at the French Embassy with a certain feeling of trepidation. I was afraid that yet another idol would be shattered in the pathway of a life that is strewn with the broken relics of lost gods. I was in dread lest

the great French Marshal should seem commonplace. Thank heaven, my fears were ill-founded; and, though she had no invitation, Miss Joy Ryde insisted on accompanying me to the Embassy, where she was sternly repulsed by the most stolid English policeman I have ever seen outside a comic paper. "No women in 'ere, Mum," he said, with an uplifted and forbidding hand. "I call it disgraceful," said Joy, "because I did want to



AS YOU WERE!

"It is no longer 'good form' to be shabbily dressed. I wandered along St. James's Street yesterday, and saw our West End bucks taking the air. Even the top hat has returned. Piccadilly was shiny with silk."—*Daily Paper*.

meet the Marshal so, and we have always been told that the French are so polite to women."

The Fencer. I met the great soldier under the clustered lights of the old-fashioned chandeliers which shine down upon the ball-room of the Embassy. The first and dominant impression he gives is one of youth. Despite the grey hair and the grisly moustache, one might well imagine him to be an instructor in some gymnasium—or, better still, a famous fencer. The poise of the man is always the poise of the fencer. He stands, naturally, in the attitude of a fencer, as one testing his *épée* and preparing for the bout.

A Little Interview With the Marshal. Before the French Colony was introduced, M. Cambon

led the way in the Embassy's old-fashioned ball-room. Here Marshal Foch and M. Clemenceau chatted with us in front of the little statue of Liberty which has been erected over the fireplace as an ornament. I asked the Marshal if he was pleased with his reception in England. "I cannot tell

you now all I think of the way in which English people have received me," he said. "I can give you no idea about what I feel in regard to London's wonderful reception.



LORD CESHAM'S SON AND HEIR AT A MEET OF THE OLD BERKELEY: THE HON. JOHN CAVENDISH ON HIS PONY. Lord Chesham being on active service, Lady Chesham is Acting Master of the Hunt this season. *Photograph by Topical.*



WHENCE ALL BUT HE HAD "FLU-ED."

"The entire staff at the Wood Green Education Department, with the exception of the office boy, are laid up with influenza."

French soldier by the remarkable welcome that was accorded him by the great English people. I can only say now that I am glad I have experienced something of which I have heard so much—the British cheer."

A Terry Return. There is quite a little flutter in the theatrical world over the fact that Phyllis Neilson-Terry is at last returning to the London stage after a tour in the States which has lasted for years. Do you remember all the excitement that was aroused when the youthful Phyllis married Cecil King, whom some of us remember as the stage-manager to Sir Herbert



IN RUSSIAN ATTIRE: LADY ABBOT-ANDERSON (LEFT) WITH HER HELPERS AT THE RUSSIAN STALL AT THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS FAIR.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



THE OPENER OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS FAIR: THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY (LEFT), COMMANDANT OF THE WOMEN'S LEGION, AT LADY COWDRAY'S STALL.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

Tree at His Majesty's? Everyone was surprised, because popular gossip had given the fair hand of Phyllis to a Peer. She was an immense favourite with the playgoing public at this time, although, personally, I always thought she was brought out too young, and advertised in parts that were obviously beyond her experience. Still, the public loves nothing better than to see the young idea trying to shoot.

Who is the Dark Lady? Who is the dark lady—beautiful enough to be the "Dark Lady" of Shakespeare's Sonnets—who rides in the Row every morning in a khaki suit? She rides astride, and wears a delightful little jockey cap.

The War's Secret History. Shall we ever know the secret history of the war? I wonder. I understand that Lord Esher is engaged upon an authoritative work which might possibly be described as an intimate history of some of the operations. When will this be published?

A McKenna Custom.

Last week I encountered Master David McKenna, whom I first met as a page at Mrs. Bonham-Carter's wedding. He has developed early, and has decided views on things and people. Some three years ago a friend met him when he was out with his nurse for an airing. He was hugging what looked like a German soldier—of the tin variety. "Is that a German soldier?" asked the friend in mock horror. "I wouldn't have a German soldier in my house." "It is not a German soldier; it is the Kaiser, and I like to have him in my house," said Master McKenna manfully. "I cut off his head every day," he added impressively.



WHAT A PLACE IT MUST BE!

"A choir-master stopped his choir during the anthem, 'The Heavens are Telling.' The word," he said, "is Heaven and not Heavens. There is no 'un in Heaven.'"—*Daily Paper*.



A ROYAL WELCOME FOR RETURNED PRISONERS: THE QUEEN TALKING TO SOLDIERS BACK FROM GERMANY ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT CANNON STREET.
Photograph by C.N.

develops. At any rate, it will provide agreeable contrast to the passion for black which made us all so miserable during the momentous and often tragic days of the summer. I consistently avoided concerts and bazaars then, because, as I told Joy, the women always persuaded me that I was at a funeral.

The Return to Spain. Mme. Merry del Val, the beautiful wife of Spain's Ambassador to London, tells me that the last time she visited Spain was some three years ago, on the occasion of her mother's ill-health. Mme. Merry del Val is a perfect hostess; and, incidentally, she invariably wears a large, straight, black velvet hat, poised nattily on one side in true Spanish fashion. I remember her like this at the Ritz tea-room some time ago on behalf of some charity or other; and she was sympathising with Lady Randolph Churchill, who had just given a splendid pianoforte solo with the handicap of a sprained wrist.

Signs of Change. Now that the war is over, things seem to be reverting more or less to their normal conditions, though I am afraid it will be a very long time before we get back to the Merrie England of 1914. One of the most noticeable changes of the last few days



"Well, John, and who are you going to vote for?"
"Why, Coal Mission candidate, for sartin. Coal's the very thing missus and me be wantin'."

has been the return of evening dress. During the war we were always being told that it was unpatriotic to dress extravagantly. Even at the theatre evening dress came to be the exception rather than the rule, and you would see dinner-parties at West-End restaurants where nothing but morning dress was worn. That is already a thing of the past. It is no longer necessary for us to be dowdy in order to help England to win the war. I anticipate a considerable revival of fashion. Smart frocks and well-cut dresses will, I

Overheard at Romano's. He: "So you feel better since you gave up dancing and devoted your time to Red Cross work?" She: "Indeed I do, dear; I have had my photograph in the papers nine times."

A Blue Winter. I am told, on the reliable authority of Lady Lymelyghte, that this is going to be a blue winter. In other words, blue is going to be the favourite colour. The leader of the "blues," it appears, is Princess Patricia of Connaught, who has developed a passion for blue velvet and blue beaver hats. I shall be interested to see how the blue passion

think, be the order of the day. Indeed, the return to a better style has already begun. A few evenings ago I saw the King and Queen at the Adelphi Theatre. Both were in evening dress, and where the King leads others must follow. I thought it was very tactful of His Majesty to give such a timely reminder to his subjects.

Concerning Mere Man.

It is not only the women who are going to escape from the thraldom of shabbiness. Men are apt to pretend that they are superior to such trifling matters as dress, but I have very grave doubts with regard to this "superiority." Have you ever noticed the agony and embarrassment depicted on the face of a man when somebody tells him that his tie is not on straight? Anyhow, I have observed a very considerable improvement in the matter of male attire. Of course, khaki is very impressive, and our young subalterns like to swagger about in their smart uniforms—small blame to them, too. But in the case of many of them—and probably the majority—they will never be clad in khaki again. They will be forced to don civilian clothes, and they will be anxious to cut as striking a figure then as they do now.

The other day a West-End tailor told a friend of mine, who told me (it sounds a little complicated, doesn't it?), that there had been a great rush for "civvies," and the clothiers are likely to be kept busy for some time to come. The "top hat," which one used to see only at private views at the Academy or at funerals, has already returned.

Sea-Power Exhibition.

Two or three days ago I looked into the Grosvenor Galleries to have a look at the Sea-Power Exhibition which the Duke of Connaught opened last week. I am told that Queen Alexandra was so anxious to see it that she anticipated the opening ceremony by two or three days, and arrived one morning when the workmen were all about the place. It is a wonderful exhibition, and every woman should see it, if only as a reminder of the splendid work that has been done by our brave boys in the Navy during the last four years. Of course, everybody was crowding round Sir John Lavery's beautiful sea-pictures. There are thirty-six of them altogether, but I think the one I liked best was the painting of Dover Harbour. Then there is a fine picture of the Battle of Jutland—the guns on the British battle-ships opening fire on the enemy, and big columns of foam spouting up where some shot from the German fleet had fallen into the sea.

After seeing the pictures, I looked into the room where the naval relics are kept. There I saw, among a lot of other things equally interesting, a piece of the Zeebrugge Mole, and relics of the *Vindictive* and the *Hampshire*. I left the Exhibition with a heart full of gratitude to the "mariners of England who guard our native seas."

THE WORLDLING.



ECHOES FROM THE LINKS.

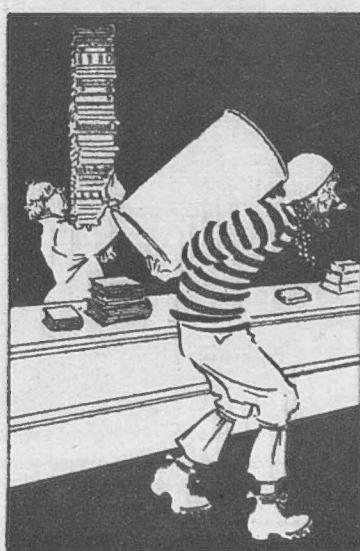
"How many shots in the quarry?" asked one of his opponents. "Three." "Why, we heard six plainly." "I know, but three of them were echoes."—*Daily Paper*.



UNDER THE WHITE ENSIGN NOW: THE "U 155" ENTERING ST. KATHERINE'S DOCK FOR THE BENEFIT OF LONDON SIGHTSEERS.—*Photograph by Sport and General*.



IN "STEPPING STONES" AT THE SAVOY FAIR: MISS LILLIAN NORREYS, LADY MUIR MACKENZIE, LADY WILLIAMS, AND MISS IRENE WARD.

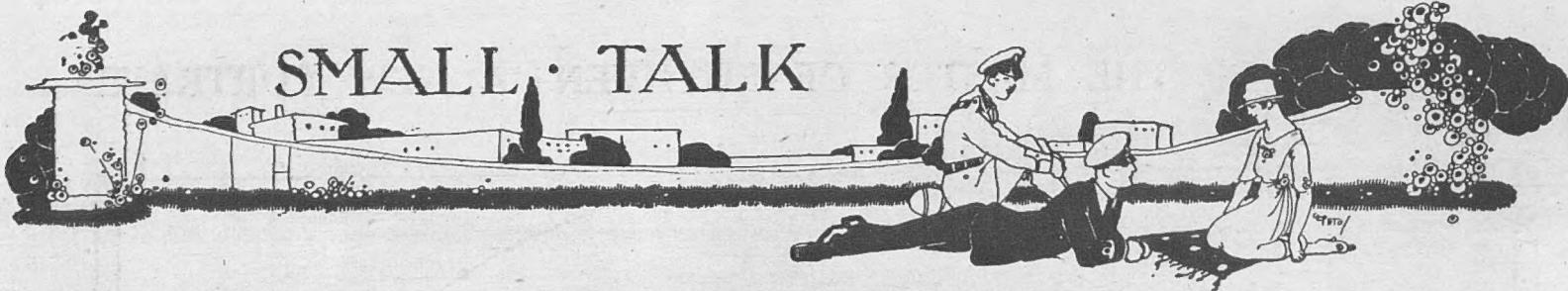


PULVIS ET UMBRA.

"At a meeting of the Richmond (Surrey) Free Library Committee it was stated that the Assistant Librarian was receiving the same salary as the dustman."—*Daily Paper*.

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SMALL TALK



SIR FREDERICK LUGARD, who returned to England from Nigeria the other day, is that rather rare being, a "pukka" soldier and far-sighted and astute statesman combined. The best proof of his success as Governor-General of Nigeria was the loyalty to the British cause shown by the local chiefs early in the war—a loyalty that was all the more striking when one remembers that some fifteen or sixteen years ago, when Sir Frederick first undertook his campaign against the Emir of Kano, the chieftains of Nigeria were anti-British to a man. It was Sir Frederick who successfully forced the Germans to surrender in the Cameroons without the loss of a single life on his own side; and his experiences as a soldier include active service in Afghanistan, Burma, and the Soudan.

Many Interests. Viscountess Ridley's

duties in connection with her own excellently managed hospital for officers in Carlton House Terrace are strenuous enough, but not so strenuous that the Viscountess cannot find time to devote herself to the consideration of woman's duties as a citizen. At any rate, she gave a good deal of her energy to promoting the success of the "Book Mart" held in connection with the Women's Municipal Party in Portland Place last week. A sister of Lord Wimborne, Lady Ridley is a woman of many interests, and has been identified with more than one war scheme in connection with providing clubs for girl workers. Like others of her family, she is a clever hostess, and her Carlton House Terrace mansion was the scene of a good deal of entertaining in pre-war days.

Attacking the Seats of the Mighty.

Frederic, and editor of the *English Review*, to oppose Mr. Lloyd George suggests that in the future the seats of the mighty will be less immune from attack than they have been in the past. When the machines fought, they seldom opposed one another without some chance of victory. But when

the independent candidate becomes more than a rare exception, the safer the seat, in some senses, the more temptation to assail it. For the independent man must do very badly indeed if he does not get back his deposit; and, if he is out for advertisement, he can get it most easily by tilting against a prominent opponent. Next time, therefore, we may expect to see contests where a walk-over has always been the rule.

The Liberal Bishop.

Few occupants of the Episcopal Bench have lived through more criticism than the late Dr. Perceval, whose politics and theology were equally denounced by a large section of Churchmen, and brought him

TO MARRY MAJOR GORDON McLENNAN: MISS ISABEL ADAMI.

Miss Adami, who is engaged to Major Gordon McLennan, Eastern Ontario Regiment, only son of the late Mr. McLennan, and of Mrs. McLennan, of Ottawa, is daughter of Colonel J. G. Adami, F.R.S., and the late Mrs. Adami, of Montreal. She has been nursing in France for four years.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.



TO MARRY ON DEC. 12: MRS. ALAN PARKER—

MR. W. JOYNSON-WREFORD.

Mrs. Alan Parker is the widow of Captain Alan Parker, K.O.R. Lancs. Regiment, and is the only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. John Cottam, of Milnthorpe. She has been an assiduous V.A.D. assistant and war-worker in other directions. Mr. W. Joynson-Wreford, Royal Artillery, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Heyman Wreford, of Exeter. [Photographs by Hugh Cecil.]



TO MARRY LIEUT-COM. J. H. REE, R.N.: MISS IRENE F. KERR.

Lieut.-Com. Ree is the son of the late Sir Frank Ree, General Manager of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and of Lady Ree, of Antonneys, Pinner, Middlesex. Miss Irene Frances Kerr is the daughter of the late Mr. James Kerr, J.P., of Dunkenhalgh Hall, Lancashire.

Photo by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

A.B., and an Earl at that, to give her away.

More Dances.

Dances are increasing in number; another ball is promised at the Albert Hall for the New Year, dressmakers report bumper business, and there are rumours of "Courts" once more. No wonder war-weary waiting débutantes are beginning to "sit up and take notice." In addition to débutantes, it is a matter of importance that the showrooms and salons of fashionable dressmakers should be thronged again, for their success involves the well-being of thousands of workers, and is a national necessity.

Apropos of weddings, the "fashionable marriage" is beginning to draw big crowds of friends to the chosen church as thick as flies in Mesopotamia at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where

Lady Avice Sackville became the bride of Major Stewart Menzies —with a "bold



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. M. VANDELEUR: MRS. COBBOLD. Mrs. Cobbold, the widow of Captain C. A. Cobbold, Suffolk Regiment, and daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sinclair, is Commandant of the Portman Hospital for Officers. Her marriage to Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Martley Vandeleur, R.A., is to take place on Dec. 12, at All Souls' Church, Langham Place.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

constantly into variance with most of his colleagues. He was not only a strong Liberal, but he believed in Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, was strongly critical of the drink traffic, incurred the censure of pro-Boerism, and described the Turf as "framed in vice and set in misery." Not that every one of

these peculiarities marked him from his brethren, but his general frame of mind was certainly not that commonly associated with a Church dignitary. Like Dr. Temple, he was of rustic and almost humble origin; and, as he used to say, Appleby Grammar School alone stood between him and the career of a small farmer. The Cumberland country-side, however, gave him the robust constitution which enabled him to carry out his episcopal duties to the age of eighty-three, after a quarter-of-a-century's hard work as Headmaster of Clifton and Rugby.

The Six-Foot Bride.

"The tallest bride ever seen at Westminster," was the general verdict on Miss Stella Drummond, who was married to Lord Eustace Percy at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, the other day. It would be interesting to know just how tall Lady Eustace is. In her clinging bridal robes she looked to be well over six feet—an unusual attainment even in this age of big women. Infant attendants seem to grow more popular every week. Little Lord Hugh Percy, who gallantly escorted two small maids up the aisle, is only four; but youth and self-possession go hand-in-hand in these days. The munition-worker guard of honour will soon be a thing of the past; but Lady Eustace, who was one of the pioneer women at the work, had an imposing body of her one-time colleagues to give her a send-off last week.

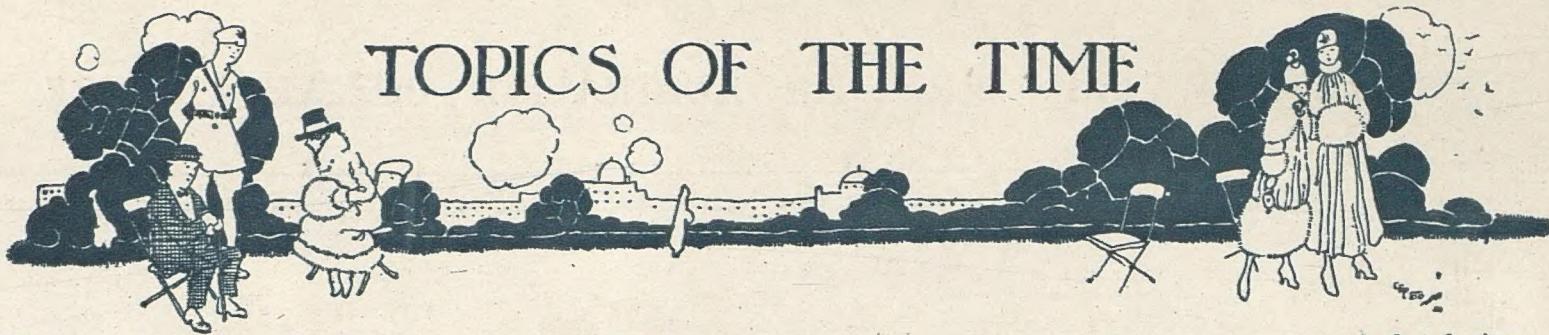
DAUGHTER OF THE MASTER OF RUTHVEN: A NEW PORTRAIT.



WIFE OF A PEER WHO IS A LIEUTENANT, R.N.: THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

The Countess of Carlisle was married to the eleventh Earl on Jan. 17 of this year. She is a daughter of the Master of Ruthven, Brigadier-General the Hon. Walter Patrick Hore-Ruthven, D.S.O., son of the eighth Baron Ruthven, who served with distinction in the Crimean War.

The Earl of Carlisle is a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, which he joined as a Sub-Lieutenant in 1915. He served in the European War, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre. The seat of the Earl and Countess is Naworth Castle, Carlisle.—[Photograph by Val L'Estrange.]



YOU and I are feeling more than a trifle sick at heart over these whitewash-and-brush-up interviews in the newspapers with the super-criminals of Europe, are we not? Surely it is playing rather too dangerously into the hands of the German propagandists to publish to the world the curious chit-chat of the Dutch lady reporter who finds the ex-Crown Prince "a not unlikable fellow of the sporting world," "with a brown, healthy-looking face"? The attractive appearance of the ex-Crown Prince—who, by the way, was wearing a blue shirt and a green tie, and flashing a gold cigarette-case about with all the jaunty recklessness of a first-class cad—may be interesting enough to readers in Holland, but it is not the right sort of stuff for ourselves. Having with so much ease found and made use of the "chance" of spreading a flattering "feeler" about "his ex-Imperial Highness," no doubt the Dutch lady reporter will soon be offering to the world a melting picture of the home-sweet-homely figure of the ex-Emperor at prayers in the Bentinck pantry!

"Any orders, Sire, this morning?" asked the Interviewer Dutch. "How about a little something with a sweet religious touch—something apt to your position, calculated to suggest 'Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest'?"

"That is good," the culprit answered. "Say you saw me on my knees telling God that He may pardon all my former enemies!"

"Now concerning your appearance," said the Interviewer fair; "something touching, surely, should be said about your snowy hair? Something, too, about the very simple manner of your dress, like the habit of the peasant going early to confess?"

"That is good," the culprit answered. "Spread as well the little joke that a peasant baby's cradle has my Royal Prussian cloak!"



THE WALL GAME AT ETON: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GAME AS SEEN FROM THE WALL-TOP.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

"Say I gave my glittering helmet, in a frenzy of remorse, to a peasant, full of corn, to use as nosebag for his horse!" "Splendid!" cried the Interviewer. "What a showman, Sire, you are! This shall certainly be cabled to the papers near and far!"

"That is good," the culprit answered. "This as well you might release: Say that God and Kaiser Wilhelm worked together for this Peace!"

We are anxiously straining our eyes toward that horizon of official promise which spoke recently of the wholesale release of currants and candied fruits and other jewels of confectionery.

I read of "London's Open Port," and wondered when again we'd see the articles of every sort that used to be!—the buttered tea-cakes on the hearth, the cream with nearly every meal, and those golopshus buns of Bath with candied peel?



INTRODUCED BY MRS. DRUMMOND: MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST ELECTIONEERING.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

I wondered when again I'd taste the crisp meringue and soft eclair (the second rather full of paste, the first with air!); and when again there'd cross my path the Swiss roll's jammy catherine-wheel!—but most of all those buns of Bath with candied peel!

The following are, I understand, among the messages to be sent by notable persons and institutions to the ex-Kaiser at Christmas—
 "Sign, please!"—From the Drapers' Company.
 "America-istmas!"—From President Wilson.
 "You can have my Turkey!"—From Sultan Mehemed V.
 "A Ferd-in-and's worth na-poo at a push!"—From Bulgarian Legation (address unknown).

"The true violinist must be born, not made; and when he has been born he should not be heard until he has completely mastered his difficult art," says the musical critic of a weekly contemporary.

The player should be born, not made; a Joachim he should be at birth. In fact, he ought to learn his trade before he settles down on earth. And he whose genius was withheld, and still a player's crown would gain, should obviously be compelled to practise in an aeroplane!

Who is the comic diplomat responsible for the amazing suggestion, widely circulated in the Press the other day, that a number of "harmless German waiters," who have been doing "work of national importance"—*of course* without being tipped!—should be allowed to return forthwith to their old jobs in the London restaurants? And where does he intend hiding for the next ten years?

I'm looking out for Mr. Schmidt, and when the horrid Hun I see once more at work in waiter's kit, I warn *him* to look out for *me*! For where I find him going strong with bottles, cruets, knives, and plates, I shall not keep him waiting long, but give *him* pepper while he waits!

A. B. M.

COMMONWEALTH ART: AN AUSTRALIAN PUZZLE PICTURE.



Who are They?
 "People of Importance."

IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL BRITISH COLONIAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE:
 LIEUTENANT G. W. LAMBERT'S ENIGMATIC PAINTING, "PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE."

The "War and Peace" Exhibition of the Royal British Colonial Society of Artists, in conjunction with the Society of Australian Artists, was opened by the Duke of Connaught recently at Burlington House. It includes the War Pictures painted for and lent by the Commonwealth of Australia, and Australian art predominates, though other Dominions and Colonies are

represented. Lieutenant George W. Lambert, A.I.F., shows a number of paintings and pencil drawings. The oil painting here reproduced may be described as a puzzle-picture: that is, the spectator is left to form his own interpretation of its enigmatic symbolism. The idea is something new and fascinating in the sphere of art.



AMERICAN women living in London, however interestingly distinct their characteristics may be, have always avoided the folly of forming themselves into a clique. Still, there are occasions—and a christening is one of them—when it is particularly homely to have your own countrywomen about you, and so thought the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Brett the other day when she asked Lady Acheson to do a little god-mothering. Mrs. Brett was

Miss Antoinette Heckscher before she married Lord Esher's eldest son; and Lady Acheson was Miss Mildred Carter, daughter of a former First Secretary to the American Embassy in London, before she married the eldest son of Lord Gosford. Once, at a ball given by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid at Dorchester House, the hostess having sprained her ankle, Miss Carter was chosen by King Edward as his partner in the opening "square" dance. If only she could confer her beauty on her god-children, what a real fairy godmother she would be!

Only a Number. Lord Crewe, most cheerful of men, is a little unhappy about an

WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER:
MRS. SIDNEY HERRING.

Mrs. Herring is the wife of Brigadier-General Herring, D.S.O., Croix de Guerre. He left Australia in 1914. Mrs. Herring was well known in political circles in Australia. She has a fine contralto voice, and has sung at many concerts for soldiers.—[Photograph by Ethel Cave.]

unreformed House of Lords. But his letter to the *Times*, published at a moment when other people are intent upon the making of a new House of Commons, has provoked few reverberations. Doctors and surgeons have just had time to suggest that they are now quite unrepresented in the Gilded Chamber—a lack which will certainly be remedied when the list of rewards for war services is finally made out. Mr. Lloyd George still laughs when he recalls the responses made to his complaint that there were no engineers, for instance, among the Peers. Lord Hardwicke's was the most complete. For he had worked for ten years at mining engineering—for two of them as an ordinary labourer. He had been known on the night-shift of a Montana gold-mine as "Charlie" to his mates, and as "No. 126" to the manager.

Going West.

Locality, even in the most habitable London areas, has its strong hold. Some people will not live north of the Park, and others would as soon be sent to Siberia as to the south side. Lady Garvagh not only likes the north, but she likes to live on the very edge of the Park itself. So she has just made a change—not for the worse—in giving up 4, Marble Arch, and going to 1, Orme Square. The westward move is one from bustle to quietude, for

Orme Square is still almost as reposeful as it was half-a-century ago, when young Frederick Leighton set himself up in a studio there. Constantly increasing omnibus traffic adds to the unrest of the Marble Arch houses, and Lady Battersea, in spite of old associations, is hardly likely to return to the corner house she so generously turned during war-time into the great book depot which has sent out volumes by the million to the hospitals and the camps.

Lord Cork's Marriage. Lord Cork's marriage with Mrs. Rosalie Gray came as a surprise; and the telegrams that reached him on his honeymoon at Bath were, therefore, the first congratulations he received from some of his nearest friends on a very happy event. Lord Cork is Mrs. Gray's third husband. He has reached the age at which it is, perhaps, a natural instinct to avoid the fuss of an ordinary wedding—he is fifty-eight. His heir-presumptive is his brother, the Hon. Robert Boyle, who is only three years his junior, and who, though he married thirty years ago, has no children. The usual tremors about succession sometimes inflicted on expectant heirs by the long-deferred marriages of Peers are therefore quite absent in the case of Lord Cork.

The Basil Blackwood Hostel.

The late Lord Basil Blackwood was a lover of children, and he added to the literature that is by them beloved. The hilarity of Hilaire Belloc went with Lord Basil's delicate sense of humour into pages of print and of black-and-white work that delights also the elders. No more fitting memorial to him could be devised than the Basil Blackwood Hostel in Cornwall Gardens, S.W.—a house in which the children of mothers whose duty takes them from home during the day can find all the care (and all the fun) that they require. The war has created the need by creating



AN ENERGETIC WAR-WORKER: HENRIETTA LADY HENDERSON.

Lady Henderson is the wife of Brigadier-General Sir David Henderson, K.C.B., D.S.O., and is President and Chairman of Committee of the Royal Air Force Aid Committee, and the Royal Air Force Prisoners' Fund.

Photograph by Bassano.



THE SEVEN CHILDREN OF A PEERESS: SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE MARCHIONESS OF BUTE.

The Marchioness of Bute was, before her marriage, Miss Augusta Bellingham, daughter of Sir Alan Henry Bellingham. Her charming children are John Earl of Dumfries, heir to the Marquessate, born in 1907; Lords Robert, David, Patrick, and Phidian Crichton-Stuart; and the Ladies Mary, born in 1906, and Jean Crichton-Stuart, born in 1908. The Marquess of Bute is Lord-Lieutenant of Co. Bute, an officer in the Welsh Regiment, Hon Col., R.G.A. (T.F.), and Hereditary Keeper of Rothesay Castle.—[Photograph by Speaight, Ltd.]

a large number of widows, who could not go out to work to supplement narrow incomes unless thus trustily helped with their young families. Lady Plunket, who has the work in her capable hands, is certain to carry it to complete success; and Christmas is, of course, just the time at which helpers can most appropriately address her at 6, Ormonde Gate, S.W. This form of practical philanthropy cannot fail to make appeal to women.

A LAND GIRL ON THE WATER: KITTY, AND CHORUS.



AMONG THE PYJAMA GIRLS: MISS PEGGY KURTON (CENTRE) AS KITTY CAVANAGH
IN "THE OFFICERS' MESS," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.



THE HOUSE-BOAT SCENE IN "THE OFFICERS' MESS," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: MISS PEGGY KURTON (IN THE CENTRE OF THE LOWER GROUP) AS KITTY CAVANAGH.

The title of "The Officers' Mess," the new musical farce at the St. Martin's, has reference, not to regimental meals, but to a certain scrape which three young officers on leave get into. In the last Act they find themselves on board a house-boat at Maidenhead, belonging to the parents of one of the

trio. Miss Peggy Kurton makes a great success of the part of Kitty Cavanagh, a charming Land Girl. Her chief hit is an old-fashioned milkmaid song called "Milk for Betty and May." In our photographs she appears in the pyjama scene.

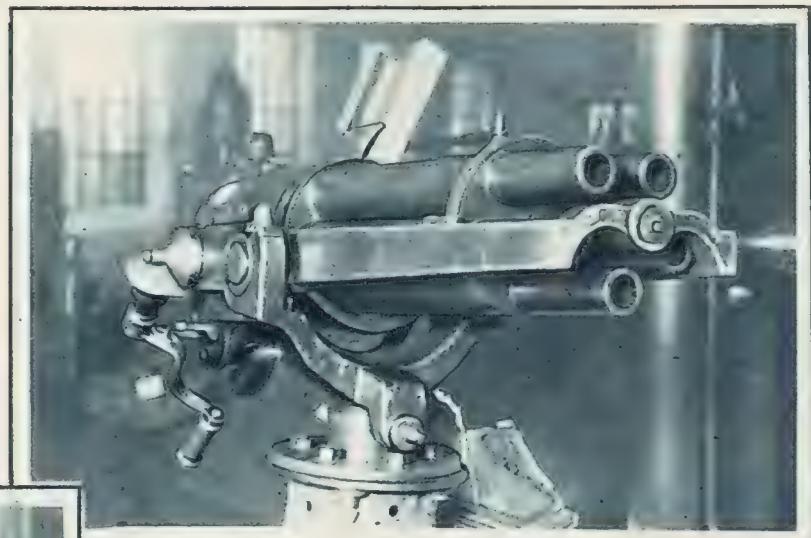
Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.



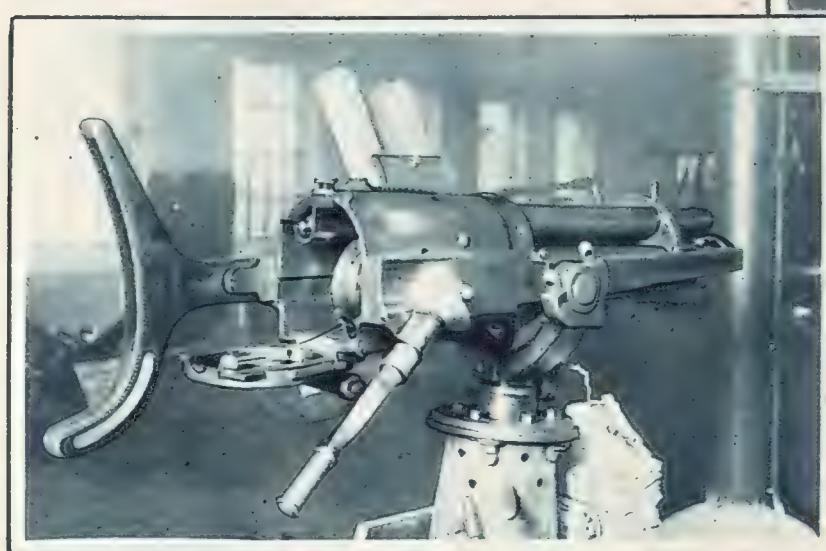
WHAT odd tastes we all have, haven't we? (No, I'm not cutting up rough because she never asked me to appear as the Lesser Antilles in the Procession of the Allies, Dominions, Beauties, and Virtues at the Victory Ball: I never could see the sense of going to the Albert Hall dressed as if one had just walked in off the Albert Memorial, could you? And you know how those beastly flags keep slipping down, anyway. Besides, one never looks one's best when one is dressed up as a mere archipelago, does one? No, I was merely moralising about that General Election that keeps getting into the papers, in spite of the competition of dear Lady X—; and, if anyone interrupts me again, there will be an even longer parenthesis than this one—so there!) What odd tastes, I repeat, we all have! Here is a country just emerging from the longest nightmare in history, and it is credibly reported that a quantity of adult persons of both sexes numerable in four figures are scrambling for the distinction of having the traffic stopped for them when they want to cross the road at the bottom of Whitehall. One really begins to wonder if there was an exceptionally heavy poll for the Panjandrumship of Nineveh just after Lieutenant-Commander Noah, R.N.V.R., had succeeded in beaching the Q-boat *Ark* for repairs on the top of Mount Ararat. A mad world, as the journalists say, my masters!

Why on earth can't people just sit still and enjoy London? Here is a full-grown Mark VIII. Metropolis, complete with Tubes and every modern convenience, where you can drive about all day in a motor-car and sit up all night with the blinds up and hear clocks striking like munition workers all the time, or flash messages in Morse code out of the window without anybody writing to Mr. Bottomley about it. And what more do you want? The Defence of the Realm

remove their coats, and initiate a terrific struggle (billed to conclude just before the pantomimes begin) with the man next door on the compelling issue of Chinese Sl—, I mean Free Tr— (dear me, how I am forgetting my politics!), I should say Self-Determination, Reconstruction, Reinstatement, Reparation, and the Single Transferable Vote (who said I wasn't up to date?). The oddest thing of all, if one may be allowed to harp on it, is the amazing energy of our august leaders. Here is Mr. Asquith, who had just sheathed his celebrated sword (see small bills), waving it again like anything; while Mr. Lloyd George, whose figurative train had just emerged from its historic tunnel, drives the poor thing straight into another with every appearance of enjoying himself. And they do it in such deplorable places too. One always wonders why a political speech, if it is to be Important and Really Count, has to be made in Huddersfield or Wolverhampton. Perhaps it is because London is so frightfully full!



FIVE-BARRELLED: A CURIOUS GERMAN GUN AT THE WAR MUSEUM.



THE BREECH-END: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FIVE-BARRELLED GERMAN GUN.
Photographs by S. and G.

Regulation prohibiting dog-shows has been cancelled, and we are to have double sugar in Christmas week; turkeys are running about without coupons, and there can't be so very many more charity performances now—what more could a pampered population require? Here is a country that any intelligent foreigner (why are foreigners always supposed to be intelligent?) would have thought would be content to sit down for the first time in four years, mop its forehead, put on a few laurels, and watch the Ministry of Food dashing round to stop unpatriotic chickens from hoarding eggs at present prices in order to provide fortunes for their young. But no.

Not a bit of it. The people of the United Kingdom (including the Isle of Man), finding to their profound disappointment that the enemy is no longer in sight—owing to his Army having gone in for politics, and his Navy having become a highly popular feature of the scenery of Scotland—proceed to run an eye round the sky-line,

Hard times coming for all the jolly little people who used to clasp their hands and gurgle how they would *love* to fly if *only* they were allowed to, because they're going to be allowed to quite soon; and it remains rather interestingly to be seen how many of our *terra-firma* enthusiasts will trouble the big cross-Channel Handley-Pages. It's one thing to croon at an airman after dinner, and cannon into people in the street as you watch the *dears* going over; but it's quite another to be strapped in, hand your testamentary dispositions to Sir George Lewis, and go buzzing around the horizon yourself, isn't it? Calais, Gare Maritime for me, anyway—even if they do stir up the dress-shirts in the Customs House. And don't you believe all that about train-ferries. A train-ferry is much more like a storm at sea than a respectable railway journey any day; and I wouldn't miss the dear old Dover boat, with all the people from Lucerne pretending they've been to Egypt, for anything, would you?

What a place the Foreign Office is becoming for getting married in these days, isn't it? Is it the result of the habit of intimate conferences contracted on those lovely sofas at the top of the stairs or does Romance flit silently into the young official's life in the long hours (11 to 5.30) spent gazing out of the window at the pelicans in the Park? Or is it merely because the young repositories of our Imperial secrets feel that they must either have someone to give them away to or just burst with suppressed information? Anyway, whatever the reason may be, Mr. Secretary Balfour might really emulate the Postmaster-General and stimulate applications for appointments by advertising the excellent matrimonial prospects afforded by the career. Lord Eustace Percy, whom everybody had supposed to be wedded to Columbia, got off before a crowded house a week or so ago; and there was a general feeling that the honeymoon ought to have been spent somewhere in Wisc. or Pa.: hope the bride will get him to burn that awful movie hat.

AT THE SAVOY FAIR—FOR REPATRIATED PRISONERS.



1.



2.



3.

1. A CLEVER AMATEUR ACTRESS: LADY WILLIAM WILLIAMS.
2. A GRACEFUL DANCER: MISS LILLIAN NORREYS.

3. YOUNG PERFORMERS: MISSES MARGARET BARRACLOUGH AND MARGARET CROOK (ROSAMUND AND FELIX).

The attractive programme of the Savoy Fair, held at the Savoy Hotel on Dec. 4, 5, 6, and 7, in aid of our Repatriated Prisoners of War, drew many visitors. The Duchess of Portland was President, the Earl of Lonsdale Vice-President, and the Earl of Sandwich and Adeline Duchess of Bedford, respect'vly Chairman and Vice-Chairman. On the first day the Fair was

opened by Princess Patricia. The programme contained many admirable features. In Miss Erica Beale's entertainment, entitled "Stepping Stones," Lady William Williams took the part of Lady Felicia; Miss Lillian Norreys and Miss Margaret Barraclough, as Rosamund, and Miss Margaret Crook, as Felix (grand-daughters of Lady Hewitt), also appeared.

SCOTS LASSES IN A U.S.A. SHOW: "SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND."



1. MISS QUEENIE MURRAY.

4. MISS NETTA D. ROSS.

7. MISS EVELYN DUGUID.

2. MISS A. MACDOUGALL.

5. MISS MAUDIE TAYLOR.

8. MISS A. A. BETHUNE.

3. MISS ETHEL MACKAY.

6. MISS AGNES K. M. BRAINE.

9. A SOLO DANCER: MISS FREDA CARSON.

"Somewhere in Scotland," an International Revue in two acts, was given last week at the Little Theatre of the Canadian Y.M.C.A. and the Aldwych Theatre of the Australian Y.M.C.A., as a free entertainment for all enlisted men of the Allied forces. The revue was produced by sailors of the United States Naval Base 18, under the direction of Petty Officer W. Kahn (the

New York vaudeville artist known as Billie Benton) and Ensign P. D. Stovell, a Philadelphia millionaire. The company, which has its own orchestra, consists of 20 American sailors and 20 Scottish girls, including the nine whose portraits appear above. The show "went with a bang" and was a complete success.



BOBETTE!

FROM THE PAINTING BY HIGGINS.

SOCIETY ITSELF AGAIN: THE REV



IN A FANCY "CORONET": THE COUNTESS OF LISBURNE.



A FAMOUS ARTIST'S WIFE: LADY LAVERY; WITH A CAVALIER.



AS "MISCHIEF": LADY STAPLETON, WIFE OF SIR MILES STAPLETON, BT.



IN HER WONDERFUL OLD SPANISH SHAWL: MISS DORIS KEANE AS A SPANIARD.

"Empires dissolve and peoples disappear," as the poet says; dress—like love—"passes not away." If there is one thing that appeals to the heart of fashionable woman (and fashionable man, too, for the matter of that) more than dress, it is—fancy dress. The vogue of fancy dress has received a new stimulus since the signing of the armistice. Perhaps it is hardly correct to call this fresh development a post-war revival, for even during the war fancy dress, in the form of patriotic pageantry, was by no means unknown. Still, the discontinuance of hostilities has given a fillip to the

FESTIVAL OF THE FANCY DRESS BALL.



AS BRITANNIA, WIELDING THE TRIDENT : LADY DIANA MANNERS.



GARBED FOR "GOING UP": MISS MARJORIE GORDON.



IN JAPANESE ATTIRE : MISS MILSOM REES, DAUGHTER OF SIR MILSOM REES.



THE SPEAKER'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW : MRS. CHRISTOPHER LOWTHER.

vogue of dressing up, in a manner more frivolous than was appropriate during the actual immanence of the world tragedy. All the above costumes were worn at the recent Victory Ball at the Albert Hall. Miss Doris Keane, it is worth noting, had on a wonderful shawl, over 200 years old, which she secured in Granada. It was made in a convent for a Spanish grandee who died before it was finished, as it took fourteen years to make. It is exquisitely embroidered and weighs about five stone.—[Photographs by Farringdon Photo. Co., Malcolm Arbuthnot, Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd., and Lallie Charles.]

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 AND
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"IF YOU LOOK IN HER EYES": HERE THEY ARE !

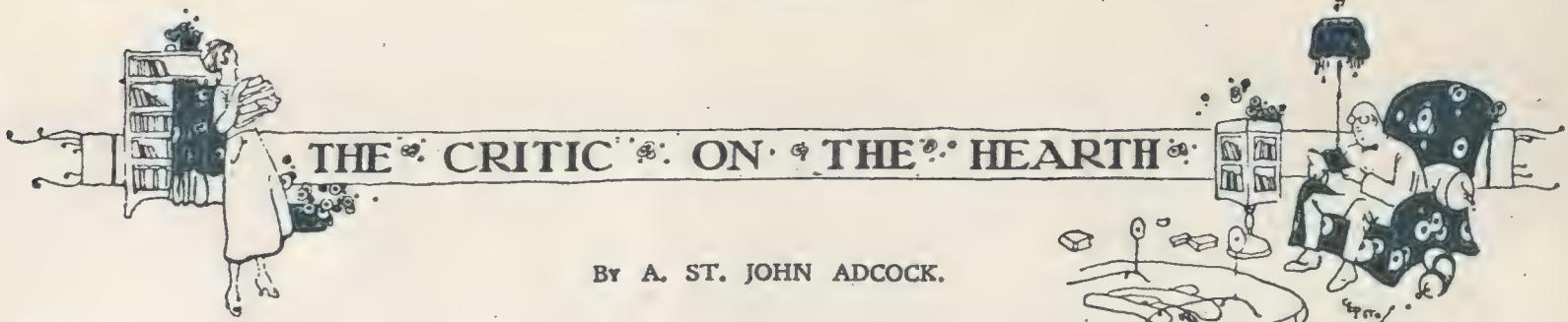


STILL QUEENING IT AT THE GAIETY IN "GOING UP!" MISS MARJORIE GORDON.

Miss Marjorie Gordon's delightful acting and singing have done much to make the great success of "Going Up!" which at present shows no sign of coming down. Its long run is announced as breaking all Gaiety

records of half a century. As the heroine, Grace Douglas, Miss Marjorie Gordon has several very taking songs, notably that called "If You Look in Her Eyes," which recurs like a refrain at intervals throughout the piece.

Photograph by Bertram Park.



BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

WHEN we have righted all the wrongs and got everything we want, I wonder shall we be happy, or shall we sit down like Alexander and burst into tears because there is nothing left to fight for? I am convinced that, if ever we come to count our winnings and find we have got them to the last penny, we shall die of heart-failure. For, from the beginning, we have had more joy in the pursuit than in the fruits of victory. Adam and Eve had everything in the Garden except that apple, which was not so good as it looked; and you may be pretty sure that the first bite of it set their teeth on edge. Moreover, they had no sooner got everything than they lost the lot and had to start again with nothing, which was the best thing that could have happened to them.

But we are a long way from Eden yet, so one may risk recommending such a book as "Wife—Mother—Voter," which sets forth many of the evils man has failed to remedy, and that never will be remedied till we can see "our national life through woman's eyes." It offers sound suggestions to the now enfranchised woman as to the use she should make of her vote. There are the marriage laws to be amended, the status of the wife and mother to be improved, the children to be more adequately cared for; and women have as deep an interest as men in these matters.

The marriage laws and the restrictions placed upon woman's activities have always been goading women into rebellion, and the trail of their resentment is over half the novels they have written about the lives they have had to live. It is more or less over three of the last five I have read, and the other two are written by men.

The delightful little Sara Lee, of "The Amazing Interlude," is at first "resigned to being tucked away in a corner and to having no particular outlook." She is quietly in love with the commonplace Harvey, and consents to become engaged to him; but those were the early days of the war, and she is more and more obsessed, in her American home, by the horrors that prevail in Belgium.

with her; but she was bound to Harvey, and restrained by her engagement to him. She was hurt by Harvey's nagging insistence on her returning home, and more than hurt when he contrived so to upset her arrangements that she was compelled to return; but, meeting him again, she was disposed to accept the position and become his wife. In the interval, however, she had grown, and he had not; she was no longer the docile, inexperienced little person she had been, and, realising that there could be no happiness as Harvey's wife, she broke away in time and went back to her work in Belgium, with Henri to assist and take care of her.

The same spirit of revolt runs through "An Armed Protest"—a brilliant South African story; and Heather Gamble proved in her own case the truth of Mrs. Sadler's warning: "See here, Heather, talking of happiness, women mostly are fools! They pin their happiness on to some poor fellow-mortal—a man, for choice—and generally the wrong man. It is a mistake girls almost invariably make. When one is young one has to guard against taking too much on trust—especially where men are concerned." Heather took too much on trust, including the wrong man; and when, after a very brief space, she ran away from the husband who had killed her love and ceased to love her, her hope of freeing herself by divorce is not realised. He dreads the scandal; and the Boer rising, at the beginning of the war, gives him a chance to move her to sacrifice herself to save a friend from arrest, and you leave her sadly broken to harness in that harsh marriage tie which the women voters are about to attend to.

The dimpled Grace in "Were Man but Constant" is in a state of perpetual rebellion. As a child she rules her father's household, and before she is in her teens has given Tom advice on marriage, and asked him, "Who wants to be happy enough? I'd rather be miserable-as-miserable than happy enough. I want to be just mad-happy all the time." And, being a millionaire's daughter, she does her best in that direction. The author calls it "a story of a love that never wavered, a constancy that never failed"; but I don't see it. There was a time when Tom had resolved to marry Mabel Hunt for her money; and nobody could pretend that Grace was constant. Tom had been absurdly in love with her when she was a baby, and married her in the end—but constancy? Well, perhaps, of a sort.

The lady in "The Throw Back" is not of this troublesome kind. When her poor but aristocratic father tells her to break her engagement to Lancelot Graves and marry money, she consents; and Graves drowns his sorrow in Turkey, becomes a Mohammedan, and takes a Turkish girl to wife. And, instead of gaining anything by that tame submission to her father's will, Miss Sartoris ends in getting what, by a timely self-assertion, she might have had at the beginning.



TO APPEAR IN THE NEW BALLET AT THE PALLADIUM:
MISS LESLEY WEDMORE.

Miss Wedmore, who appeared, on Dec. 9, in the new ballet, "The Butterflies to the Garden of Roses," by Mr. Napoleon Lambelet, the composer of "Valentine," is a singing pupil of Mr. Hugo Heinz, under whom she has studied for two years.

She yearns to go out and do something to help the small nation that is fighting so heroically, and Harvey's autocratic opposition lights a flame of rebellion in her. She finds a way of going, and, inadequately supported by philanthropists, reaches Belgium and opens a little house of charity behind the Belgian lines, where she supplies soup, cigarettes, and other comforts to the troops as they pass by night from the trenches. No wonder she grew to love Henri, that most chivalrous Belgian Captain, who fell hopelessly in love



AN ANGLO-JAPANESE PIANIST:
MME. MIYADÉRA UNWIN.

Mme. Miyadéra Unwin, who gave her first piano-forte recital in London, at Wigmore Hall, on December 10, was born in Japan, and is Japanese on her mother's side. She studied music in Japan; and, in London, at the Royal Academy of Music, afterwards working under a pupil of Busoni.—[Photograph by Burford.]

BOOKS TO READ.

- Wife—Mother—Voter. By R. M. Wilson. (*Hodder and Stoughton.*)
- The Amazing Interlude. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. (*John Murray.*)
- An Armed Protest. By F. Bancroft. (*Hutchinson.*)
- Were Man But Constant. By Mrs. George Crichton Miln. (*Jarrold.*)
- The Throw-Back. By G. B. Burgin. (*Hutchinson.*)
- The War and Elizabeth. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (*Collins.*)
- Thomas Settles Down. By H. B. Creswell. (*Nisbet.*)
- Letters of Swinburne. Edited by Edmund Gosse and T. J. Wise. (*Heinemann.*)



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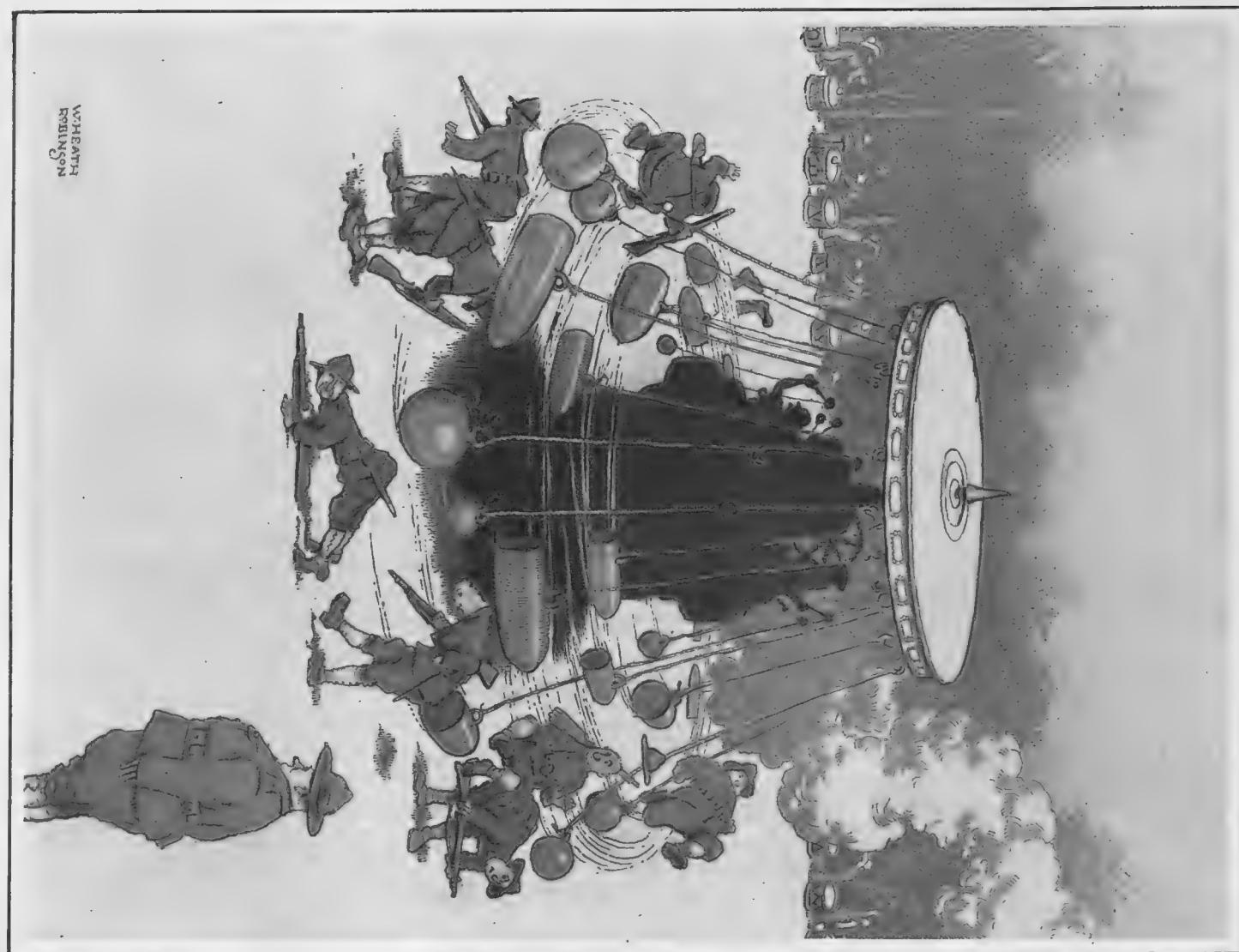
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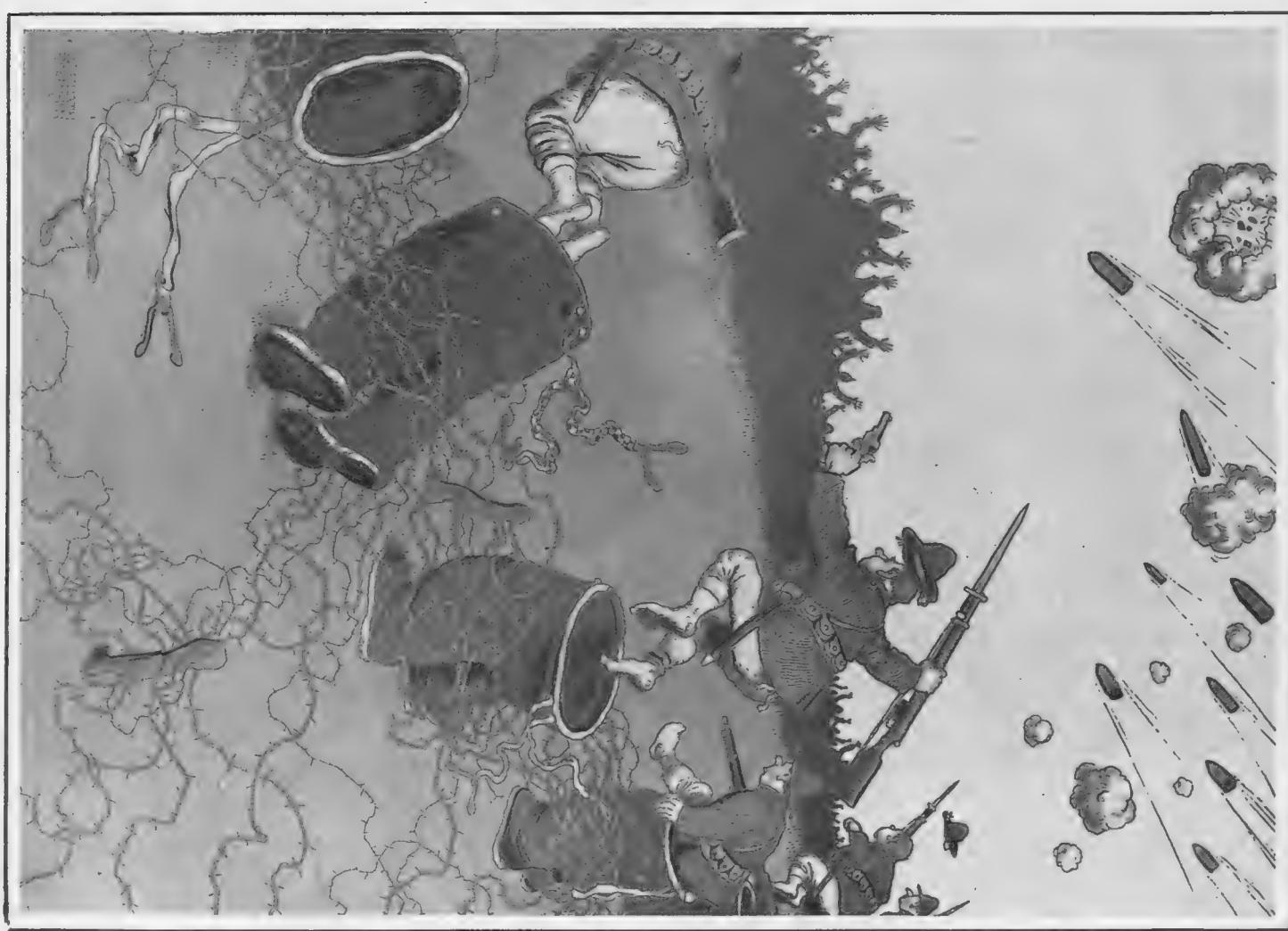
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ROBINSON IMAGINES AMERICA IN THE FIELD ! I.—A DEVICE FOR TRAINING INFANTRY TO DODGE SHELLS.

DRAWINGS BY W. HEATH ROBINSON. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)



ROBINSON IMAGINES AMERICA IN THE FIELD ! II.—BARB-PANTS — TO ENABLE INFANTRY TO GET OUT OF BARBED WIRE.

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SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

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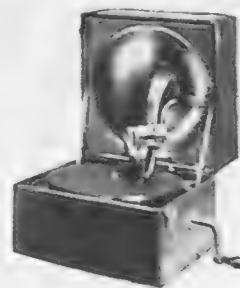


PUNCH or ROSE BOWL,
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Price 37/6

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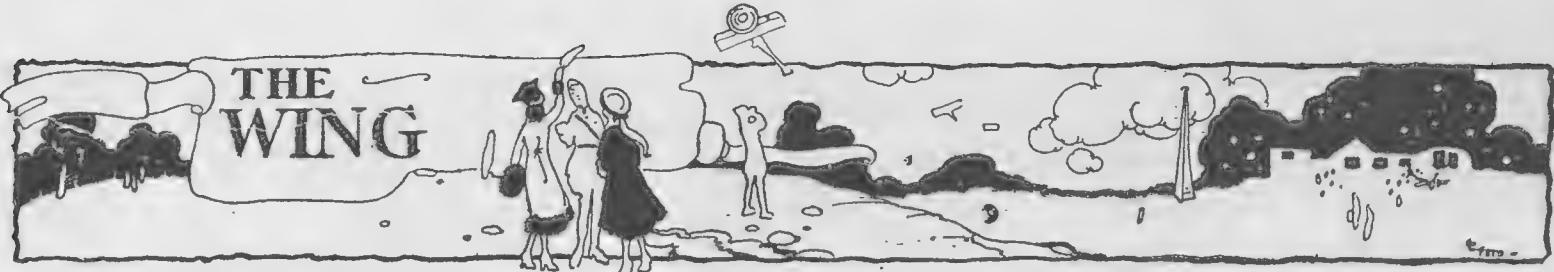
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EDUCATING AERIAL TRAVELLERS.

By C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

IF flying is to be a success within the lifetime of living men, it seems pretty evident that we must get to work forthwith to popularise flying. Somehow or another, the supply—which at the moment is enormous, where aeroplanes are concerned—has got to create the demand, which is rather a reversal of the usual order of proceedings, in which the demand creates the supply. We have got to show people not only that it is pleasant to fly, and safe to fly, but that it pays to fly. After all, the cycle trade and the motor trade had in their days a very similar problem to face, though on an infinitely smaller scale. They never found themselves at a moment of world-wide crisis with the capacity for an output of millions of pounds a week, and no orders at all. Which is precisely the position in which the aircraft industry finds itself to-day, for the work on which the factories are now engaged is all the tail-ends of contracts—there are no new orders in hand.

The First Step—
Air Joy-Rides.

Now there are some hundreds of thousands of people—one believes one might safely say a couple of million people—in this country who would like to fly just once, if they got the chance; and out of them one would be tolerably safe in saying that half, when they have once flown, will want to fly again for the pure pleasure of flying. How many of those will go on flying regularly is the problem. Nothing is more monotonous than flying when one gets too much of it. The air lacks the constant change of scenery and incident which keeps one interested while driving on the road. Certain of the very early pilots say that they now—in France at any rate—seldom fly at a greater height than twenty feet, because when low down they can see the cows and the pigs and the people, and take an interest in things. But for the first few trips, at any rate, the mere act of flying, and of looking down at a glorified, but apparently rather badly drawn and printed, map has quite a fascination of its own. Therefore, the first thing to do is to make it possible for all these hundreds of thousands of people to have their joy-rides, so that flying may be advertised among the people at large while law-givers are negotiating air treaties so as to make international air lines possible.

Civilian Flying
Still Illegal.

People seem to have forgotten that at the moment, and until the laws to that effect are repealed, it is just as illegal for any mere civilian to take a trip in an aeroplane without a special naval, military, or Air Force permit, as it would be for anyone to start loosing off a machine-gun along Piccadilly. We all talk glibly enough about what we are going to do in the way of flying some day, but

we all seem to have forgotten that at the moment it is illegal for anybody to fly at all except on duty in the King's Service. It is even illegal for an R.A.F. officer to take up as a passenger an officer or man of the Navy or Army unless the said sailor or soldier is flying on duty. Still more is it illegal for an R.A.F. officer or airman-pilot to take up a civilian friend or relative. One knows that such things are done, and one knows that civilian test-pilots take up civilians for joy-rides; but it does not alter the fact that flying is illegal until such time as the Government sees fit to legalise it.



IN THE BASKET: PEGGY, PET GOAT TO TWO R.A.F. OFFICERS, READY FOR A BALLOON-FLIGHT.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Flying Politicians. Purely incidentally, one has read of late of certain leading politicians flying about the country on political business. It would be interesting to know whether they took the precaution of legalising their positions by obtaining the necessary permits to fly. And, if they did so, it would be still more interesting to know how the officer who gave the permit justified its issue on grounds of National Importance. If it is of National Importance for one politician of one political colour to use one of his Majesty's aircraft for political purposes, then it strikes an im-

partial person that it is equally important that every politician who so desires shall be supplied with free air conveyance at the expense of the nation, *via* the Royal Air Force. If not, why not? If one denies such a simple proposition, one strikes at the essential roots of all representative government. Still, the prospect of some 650 sitting M.P.s and 1300, more or less, of their opponents all careering around the country at the nation's

expense is too tall an order for most people to face, despite the consoling thought that some of them, at any rate, might break their necks.

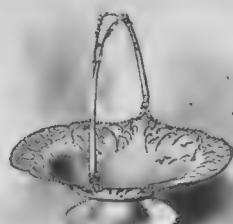
Educate the Public Aerially. However, to be quite serious, it really is very important to the immediate future of flying that all restrictions at home should be removed immediately. It will be no use opening up beautiful air lines to Paris and Rome and Cairo in a year's time if there is no public educated up to travelling by them. Just imagine how many passengers would have travelled by one of our modern high-speed expresses if it had sprung up par-



GETTING READY: THE HARNESS OF PEGGY'S PARACHUTE IS FIXED.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

thenogenetically without all the preliminary educative work of its slower and smaller brethren of the 'fifties and 'sixties! We must start in now to educate our public for the big international lines of the future, and the sooner we begin about it the better. The scheme of popularising flying in the broadest sense of popularity is a big one, but it must come.



Pierced and Mounted Sterling Silver Cake Basket.
8 ins. diam.
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Sterling Silver Centrepiece, with Two Pendant Sweetmeat Baskets.
Richly Mounted and Pierced.
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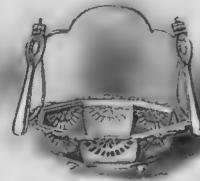
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Mounted Festoons, 12 ins. high.
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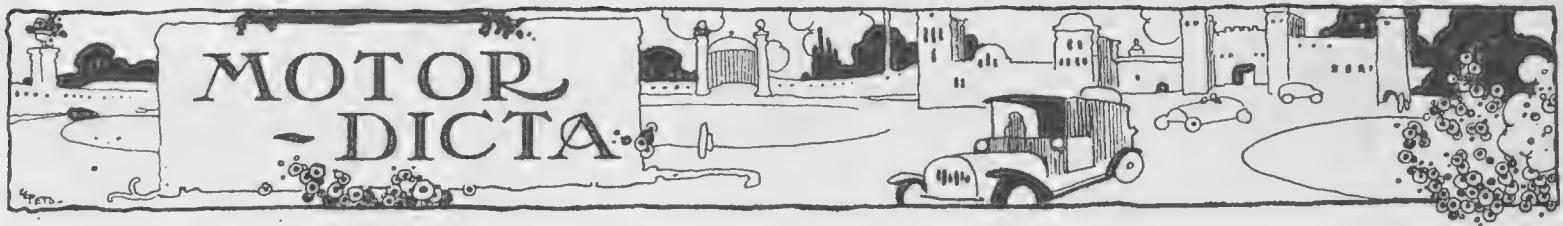
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MOTORING AND POLITICS: CARS AND CANDIDATES.

BY GERALD BISS.

REALLY peace is a most exciting and unnerving time for the compulsory civilian after four years and four months of repression and immobilisation, which have reduced him to a cypher without a soul, living by rote and coupons. Now, hardly have we concluded peace celebrations, upsetting the well-ordered

course of our lives, and cried "Foch, Foch, der Kaiser" at the wheels of the triumphal chariot of the great Gallic Marshal, than we find ourselves plunged into the melting-pot of a General Election. Not so long ago it looked as though the motorist would be very small beer—of less specific gravity even than Government ale—this time in contrast to the previous two or three, in which the automobile played such a large and spectacular part in conveying the proletariat to the poll, blissfully regardless of the fact that you may drive a voter to the booth, but you cannot make him plump in the right ballot-box. Much petrol has, I fear, been misburnt in the past, and will be again in the future, by the ever-generous and unsuspecting motorist. Still, I have some very cheery recollections of electioneering by car—not least of all for Arthur du Cros (now Bart. of that ilk, and the first to order a private joy-riding "air-car"), on the Tariff Reform ticket at Hastings, when Brother George

was the Marshal—Haig and Foch rolled into one—and imported from London town a squadron of over a hundred more or less armoured cars; and I, at the end of a very perfect day, instead of meeting after the declaration of the poll in the victory club, found myself unawares tub-thumping Tariff Reform and calling for salvos of cheers in the *very* Radical Working Men's Club, and had to summon all my Grade I. tact to avoid being summarily Bolsh-evicted down a long, steep flight of unsympathetic stairs.

**Election Cars
and the Thirty-
Mile Rule.**

time, for such purposes—and the stationary one as well, for the day only, if you can procure, by hook or by crook (more probably the latter) a tin or two of that evil-smelling fluid that "Dora" franked as petrol and the real petrol controllers across

But, after all, the automobile will be more than ever in request by cadging candidates under the "thirty-mile" rule, which releases the station auto, as it had become in war-

coats will be otherwise engaged; but beware of taking liberties on the Sabbath, when I should not be surprised to see certain astute and unsympathetic local authorities out for blood—and money! Don't forget the local financial interest in these matters—and money talks.

**Wanted—A New
Motor-Car Act.**

Under the circumstances, many car-owners will be—excuse a mixed metaphor—only too willing to be made the stalking-horses of cunning candidates; and there will be an enormously increased number of voters, including the ladies—God bless 'em—to be conveyed; and for once, after four years and four months of unchallenged autocracy,



A POPULAR GENERAL
MANAGER: MR.
HARRY H. MONKS.

Mr. Monks is the General Manager of the Raleigh Cycle Company, which employs between three and four thousand hands. He is especially keen on re-creation as an aid to efficiency, and has done much to ensure proper play both for Jack and for Jill.



ALPINE-TESTED: A 30-35-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER.

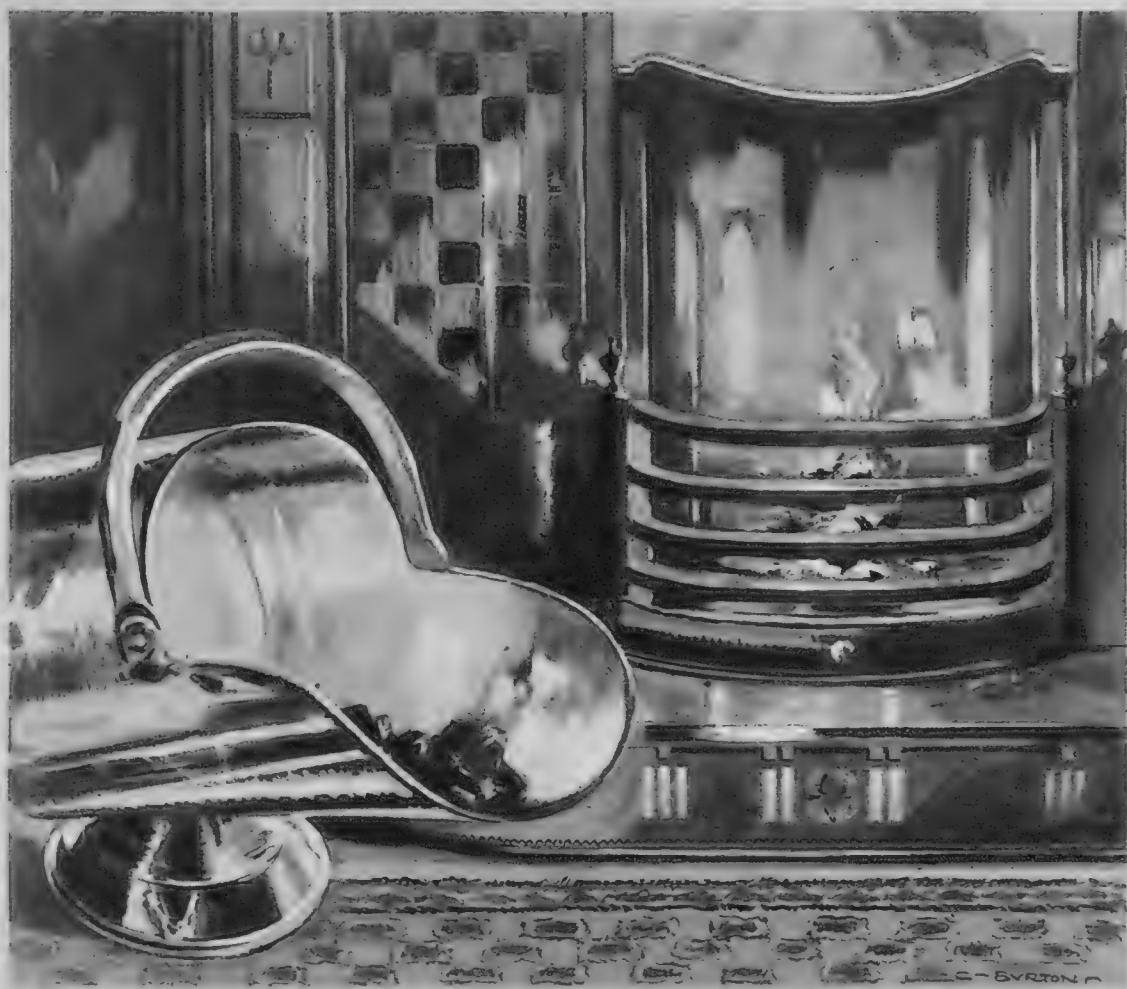
This type of Napier is very popular on account of its silence and easy control. Its reserve of power enables it to be driven at walking pace without changing gear; while its hill-climbing powers were proved over the Alps during the famous R.A.C. test. The body is by the Cunard Motor and Carriage Company.

the flapper of the "goo-goo" eyes will have to give place to the democracy of their more sedate sisters, married and spinster, of three decades or more. To your cars, O automobilists; but what will you get out of it save scarred cars, damaged upholstery, and the trail of hobnailed Labour dying to dictate their terms to the world? Political creeds are in a state of disruption and dissolution—chaos, with no defined lines of reconstruction; but the motor creed stands firm and clearly defined. Unless Lloyd George fall prematurely between the two stools of Coalition, this new Parliamentary Babel is due to produce a new Motor-Car Act to replace the bewhiskered anachronism of 1903, which has officially been condemned, and for years only carried over like stale intoxication under the omnibus Continuations Act. And this new Act will be vital to the successful reconstruction of an "essential" industry—essential to Labour by reason of the vast skilled employment it has created at top-notch wages. These are the salient points: (1) The abolition of the arbitrary, illogical, and discredited speed-limit, fully covered by the "danger" section; (2) the cancellation of all accumulated endorsements, also illogical and never intended; (3) a proper right of appeal, and the furnishing of particulars of offence; and (4) the payment of all fines under the Act to the Road Board. Further, a guarantee of opposition to any "luxury" tax upon an "essential" industry, and to the continued imposition of the present admittedly undue and excessive taxation upon both vehicles and transport; and a promise of support to reconstruction of the roads upon lines adequate to modern mobile transport, and immediate measures to assure an adequate supply of fuel at a reasonable price, together with the fullest encouragement and assistance to home-production. Before lending your car for nothing, make the borrowing candidate subscribe to these points in writing. They are the crux of the whole question, and spell fair treatment for the motor movement—at last.

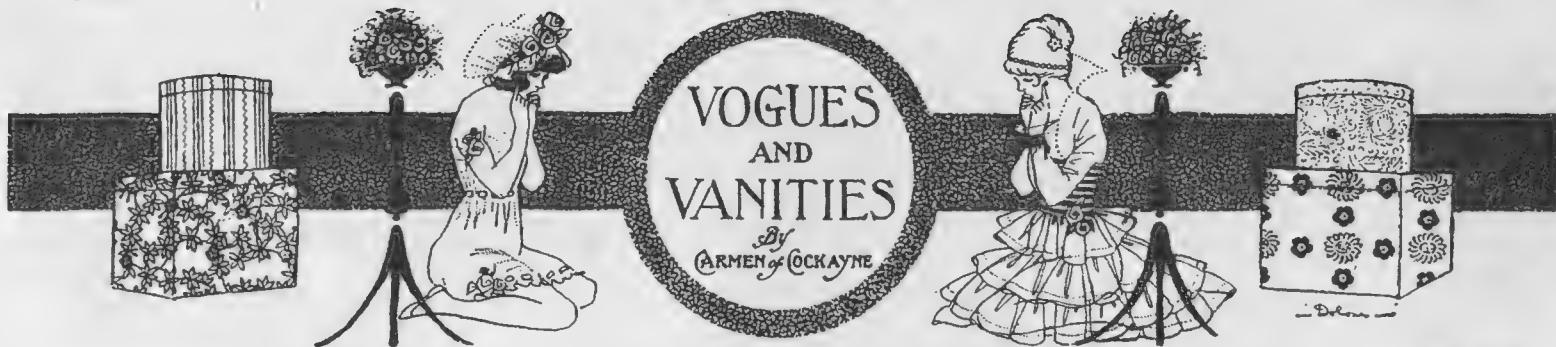


PASSAGE MADE DIFFICULT BY GUNS, ABANDONED BY THE RETREATING AUSTRIANS:
ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD IN ITALY.—[Official Photograph.]

the water have battened upon—it being lawful, being politically expedient, that for Saturday immobilised autos will be released without liability to pay license for the year, if they be lent without lucre. On that day, for obvious reasons, few, if any, questions will be asked, I trow, and the depleted ranks of our official blue-

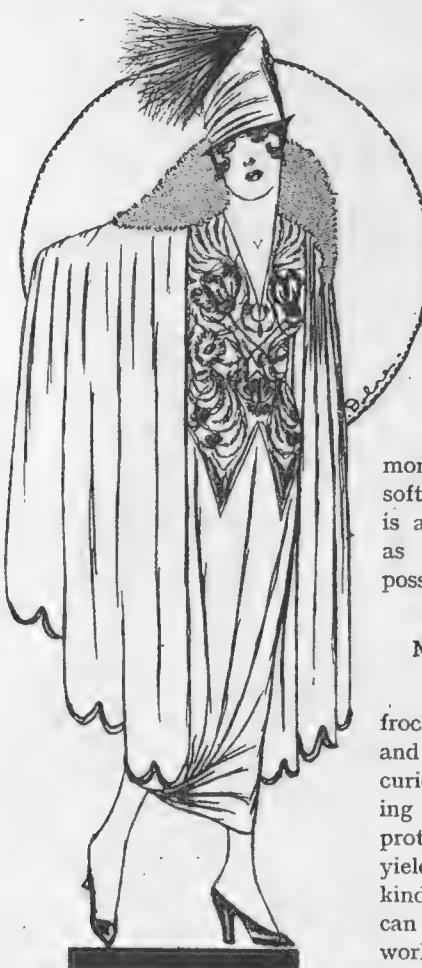


When coal runs low
keep warm with hot
BOVRIL



Still Interested. "Dora" is *not* dead. There is still a Food Controller, and, if Mr. Clynes has gone by the time these words appear in print, another will no doubt have taken his place. It is almost as difficult to get the weekly ounce of butter as to pick up diamonds in Piccadilly; peace will not be signed yet awhile; and whilst the armistice is in force there still exists, as Sir David Beatty bluntly reminded the disgruntled von Reuter the other day, a state of war between the Allies and Germany. But, in spite of all these things—or, perhaps, because of them—women still take an interest in dress, an interest that is perhaps the keener because it has, to a certain extent, been repressed during more than four years of war. She could, in any case, hardly be expected to do anything else. Apart from her duty of making the best of the appearance it has pleased Providence to give her, it would require greater powers of self-control than the average woman possesses to remain indifferent to the strenuous efforts the dressmakers are making on her behalf.

Was It Banned? Was there, or was there not, a ban on metal tissues in the far-off days when the daily bulletins from the many and various "Fronts" were given pride of place in the newspapers, and there was no Election to distract attention from reconstruction and peace problems? Perhaps, after all, pressure of feminine opinion at home prevented the threatened war on the use of gold laces and tissues, and things of that kind, in women's clothes being carried into execution. It was rather a daring suggestion, anyway, and, if it ever passed beyond that stage, one can only admire the foresight of



Waistcoats do not always go with coats: occasionally they transfer their allegiance to olive-green cloaks.

the dress artists who made provision for evil times by laying in such ample stocks in anticipation of trouble. For the bald fact is that the most fashionable gown of the moment is the one that is made of silver, or gold, or some other metallic thread substance. The loveliest have a thread of brightly coloured silk introduced to produce a "shot" appearance, and the use of fine lace with a gown of this type is a feature of fashion at the moment. The dentelle has a softening effect. In any case it is a new device, and that, so far as the Mode goes, is the best possible reason for the innovation.

Near and Ever Nearer.

frock. After years of roomy skirts and comfort-giving gowns, it is curious to find women surrendering leg-liberty without any kind of protest. So far, those who have yielded themselves to the closest kind of embrace that La Mode can devise are those whose "war work" for the most part has consisted in giving the "home-on-leaves" the "good time" they deserved. Perhaps, when the women who have been "hard at

It's just as well to make a pretence of keeping warm, and this lace cape helps in the process.

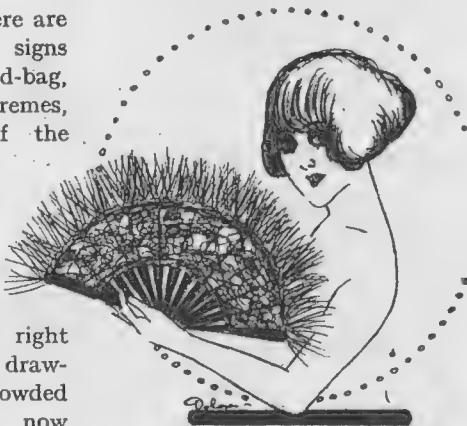


it" in khaki and blue, in the overall of the munition girl or the breeches of the land worker, return to "civvies," the pendulum of fashion may swing back towards common-sense once more. At the moment the freakish element, if not absolutely rampant, is at least very much in evidence, and, what with late beginnings and early endings, there are times when one can't help wondering why the more advanced devotees of the mode take the trouble to dress at all. Still, it has to be admitted that what remains of clothes is very, very lovely, and as varied as the most devoted lover of change could wish. Tissue is fashionable; but then, so are chiffon, and georgette, and satin, and tulle, and shining cloth-of-jet that looks like closely woven gunmetal armour, but is far more *chic*.

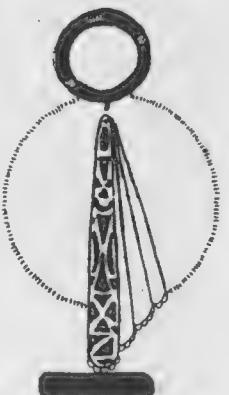
How to Decorate. Each individual dress artist solves the decoration problem as seems good to himself; but in the main, every frock that claims to be smart must be embroidered. It really does not much matter how it is embroidered. Handsome designs in gold and thick silk—like the waistcoat attached to the costume Dolores sketches to-day, for instance—are not only permissible, but very much the right thing; but then, so is the delicate tracery of silk

that so often decorates the surface of a chiffon frock of the kind *couturières* are so busy making for the afternoon and Cinderella dances that flourish so gaily now that there is no fighting going on. Even silk and gold, however, do not have it all their own way. Though woollen embroidery, after the Jacobean style, is for the moment in abeyance, Angora wool is increasingly used to banish monotony from an afternoon gown, on which its soft, woolly surface is often displayed in piquant contrast to the silk or chiffon material, to which it is applied in such a way as to suggest the work of a stencilling artist. Hats, too, come within the scope of its influence, and it is no uncommon thing to see a toque of velvet or satin or chenille decorated in a contrasting colour in this particular medium.

Bags and Beading. There are no signs of the passing of the hand-bag, which still goes to extremes, being quite evidently of the opinion that half-measures and compromises can never be anything but unsatisfactory. A hand-bag of the dimensions of a small portmanteau, though it may be the right thing to carry, has its drawbacks these days of crowded trains and buses, and, now that patriotic parcel-carrying is not likely to survive for very long, will probably disappear shortly. At the moment the most popular type is the beaded affair worked in checks—black and white checks for preference, and an ivory mount for fashion. It's the sort of thing that can't be missed in a crowd; but then, what's the good of having something smart to carry if there is any danger of its being overlooked?



Lace and ospreys meet quite happily on one and the same fan.



One use for a jade bangle is as a fan-holder.

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 Dental Cream, 1/4; Soap, 10½d. and 1/9 per tablet ;
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ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS: JOHN POUND AND CO.

concealed slide for a talc-protected photograph; the price in morocco is 35s. 6d. Velvet-calf purses are gifts greatly appreciated; of these there are many, at prices varying from 14s. 6d. to 25s. An engine-turned silver photograph-frame is a welcome gift, for everyone has some hero to be enshrined; of these frames there is a choice, as there is among hundreds of gifts at John Pound's.

Bronnley's Perfumes.

Few Christmas presents will make surer appeal to women than that of the celebrated perfume, Omar Khayyam. It is one of the special favourites. It is the scent of a Persian garden, delicious and restful. Such favour has it attained that cream, soap, and powder are prepared *en suite*. The prices are 4s. 9d., 9s., 17s. 3d., and 35s. a bottle. The powder is 2s. 3d. a box; the face-cream, 3s. a jar; and the soap, 3s. 9d. a box of three tablets. Ess Viotto is another gift that women love; a few drops in water whiten and soften the hands in quite a wonderful way. This is 1s. 10½d., 3s. 9d., and 5s. a bottle. C.C. perfumes are greatly liked. They are concentrated without spirit, and singularly lasting and most refreshing and delicious. These fascinating gifts can be obtained at all chemists and stores, etc.

Wilson and Gill.

For presents of special and particular importance, Wilson and Gill's fine show-rooms, 139-141, Regent Street, are a sure find. Their stock of pearls is very fine and varied—lovely string necklets are in great variety from £100 to £10,000. They are things of beauty and joys for ever; one dating from the Christmas of the Great Deliverance would always have an appropriate significance. Men who have fought in the war like to give their womenkind handsome badges of the regiments or corps they served in and love. There are numbers of

these at this favourite establishment in fine gems and enamel. Always a wristlet watch is a much-loved present, and Wilson and Gill have them in variety. A diamond initial in a circle of white enamel on a black moiré wristlet, or one of regimental colours, is a very pretty present;

and the price, in accordance with size, is £4 15s. or £5 15s.



A PRETTY PERSONAL PRESENT: WILSON AND GILL.

It is a becoming bracelet to a white, well-kept hand, and is fitted with a gold clip. In such useful presents as silver knives, fitted with good steel blades, and other service implements, in pencils, in smokers' equipment, photograph-frames, calendars, tortoiseshell dressing-table sets, and writing-table equipments, Wilson and Gill's firm is notably in the van of fashion.

Ciro Pearls.

Every woman loves pearls, because she so well knows that she looks the better for wearing them. A popular Christmas present that unfailingly pleases is a necklace, a pair of ear-rings, or a ring of Ciro pearls from 42, Piccadilly, W.1. The price is uniform, always a guinea, and it is a case in which this sum secures a present that looks worth a hundred guineas at least. To all intents that is what such gems cost, since they are absolute reproductions of the finest pearls from the Pacific fisheries, so perfect that experts know no difference. They wear as well, look as well, and are as good. The price alone is different. The Ciro pearls are the result of scientific work in the laboratory, and, while the oyster varies in the perfection of its slow output, the scientist does not in what he produces quickly. There are presents, too, for men—Ciro pearl studs and pins. A little booklet, which can be obtained from above address, will give every particular.

Burberry.

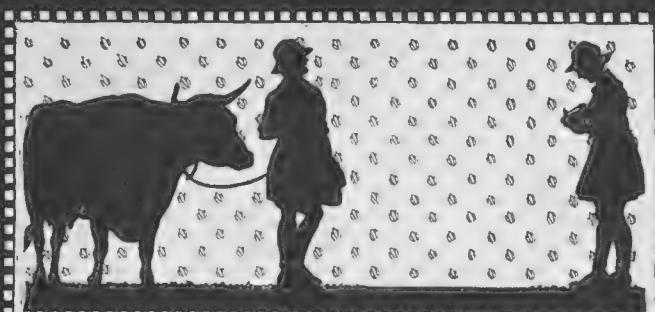
Useful gifts, and smart and styleful, will be found in variety at Burberry's famous house in the Haymarket. Their weather-defying, yet ever-presentable garments, suitable for town or country wear, are well known, and will, no doubt, form most desirable presents. There are also really lovely coats of spun silk in rich and beautiful shades, having a printed design on the long basques; the flat collars and the cuffs, with a harmonising or contrasting colour, are smart, dressy, and easily donned. A brown design on champagne colour is a good example of the tones. Silk scarves, striped or with banded borders in differing colours, are also favourite gifts; so, too, are those in fleecy wool with fancy and fringed ends. There are handsome fur collars, and little capes with collars of other fur, and fur sets. Also, there are the daintiest of crêpe-de-Chine blouses in ivory-white and many delicate shades, which are things that every woman loves.



The Aeolian Co. The favourite room of the family is always the room where the Aeolian "Vocalion" is. It is the music-maker and the great joy in the home, especially at Christmas-time, when home is so precious. It has the immense advantage of giving the qualities and characteristics of the voices which it reproduces. Its notes are soft, full, and round; there is nothing of metallic vibrancy about them. Also, it has the Graduola, a device by which the expression can be controlled, and the rendering made thoroughly artistic. It is made in a variety of handsome

[Continued overleaf.]

STYLEFUL AND SEASONABLE FURS: BURBERRY.



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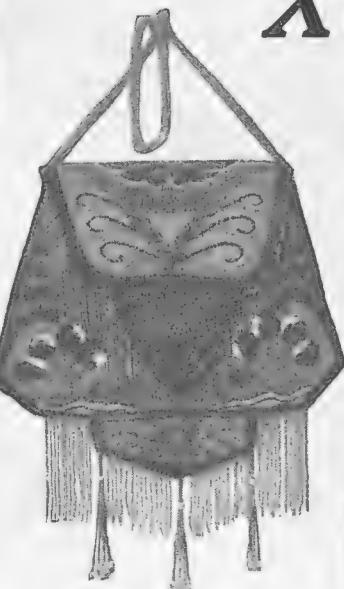
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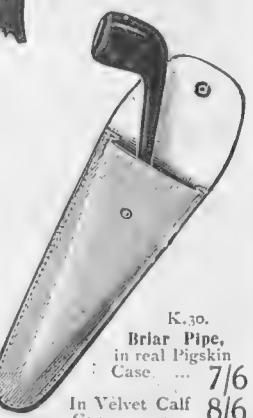
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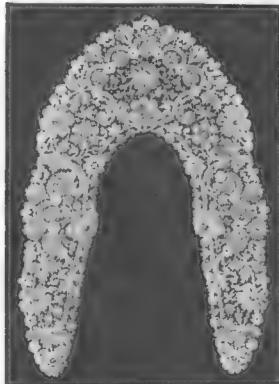
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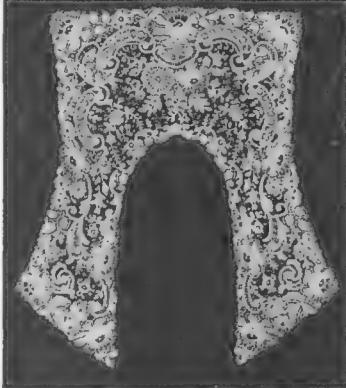
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Lotus

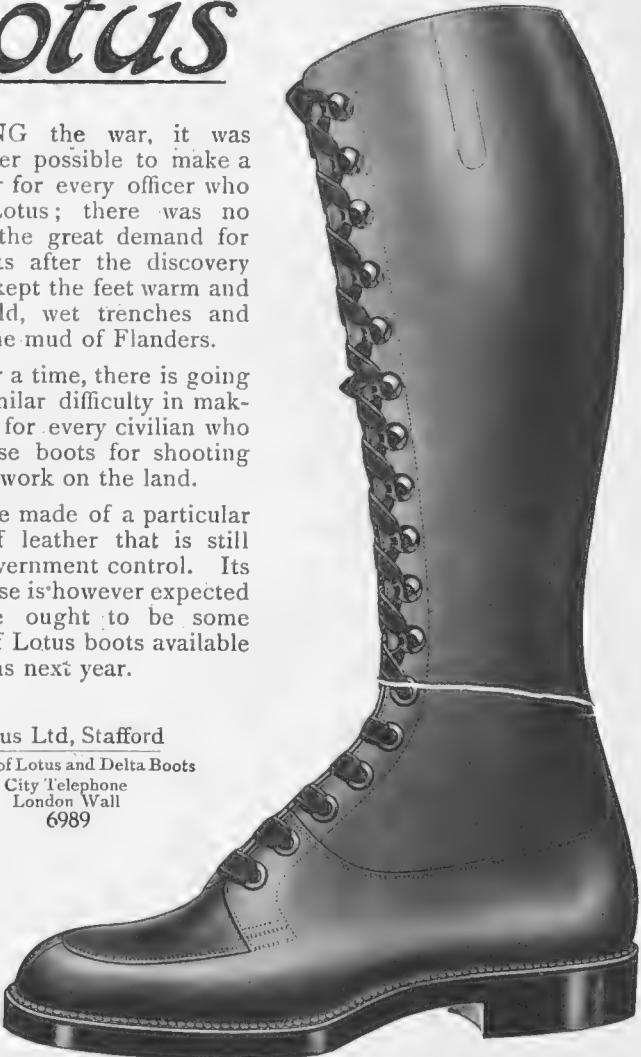
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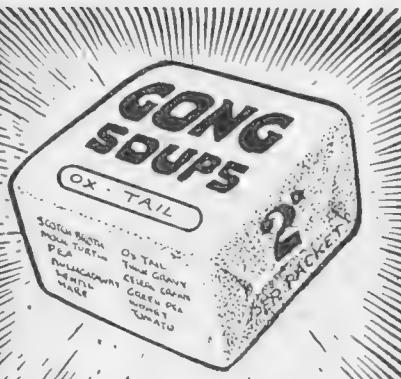
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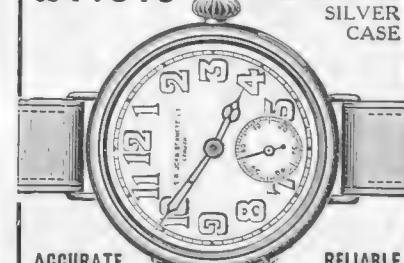
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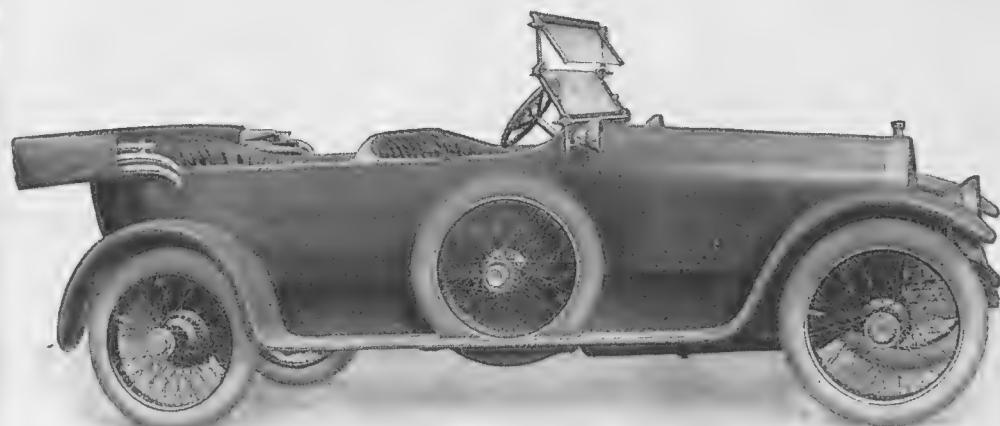
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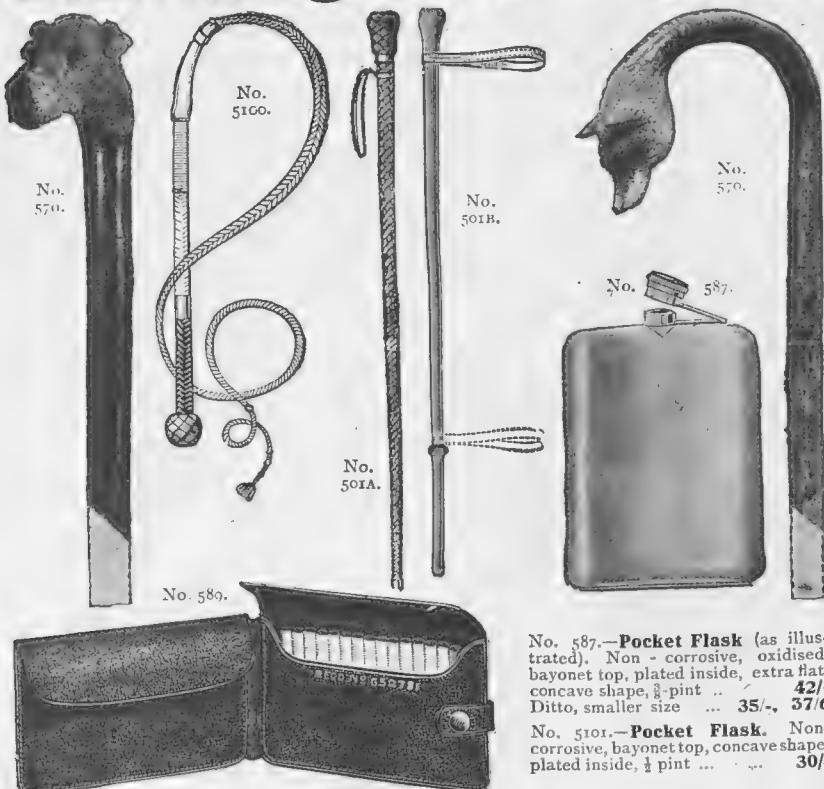
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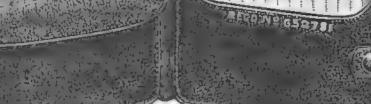
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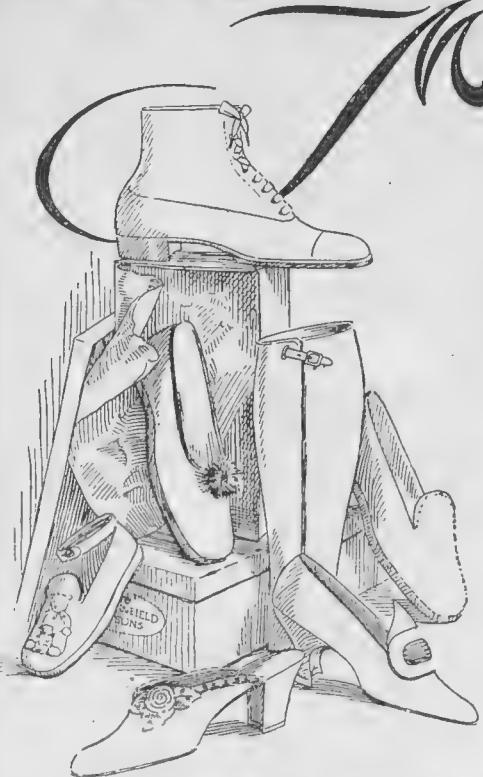
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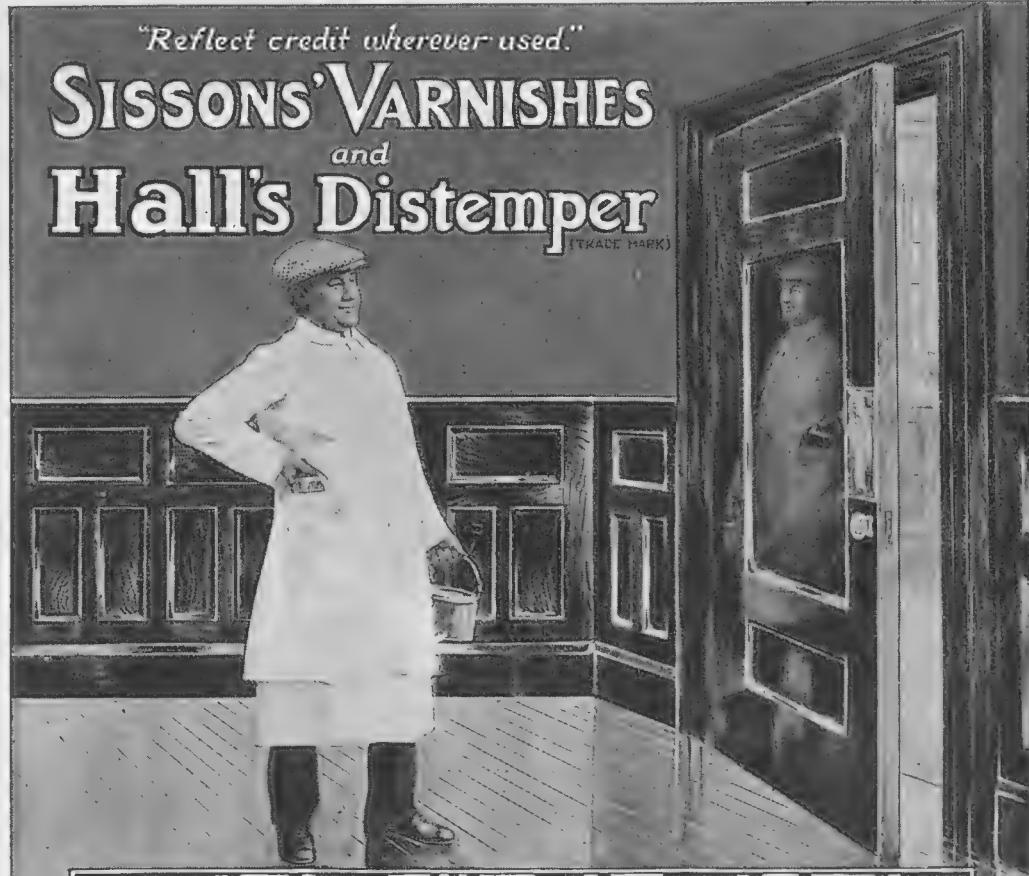
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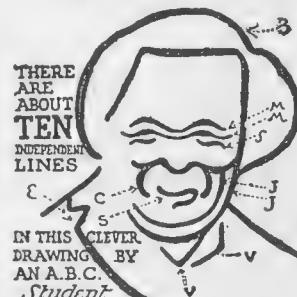
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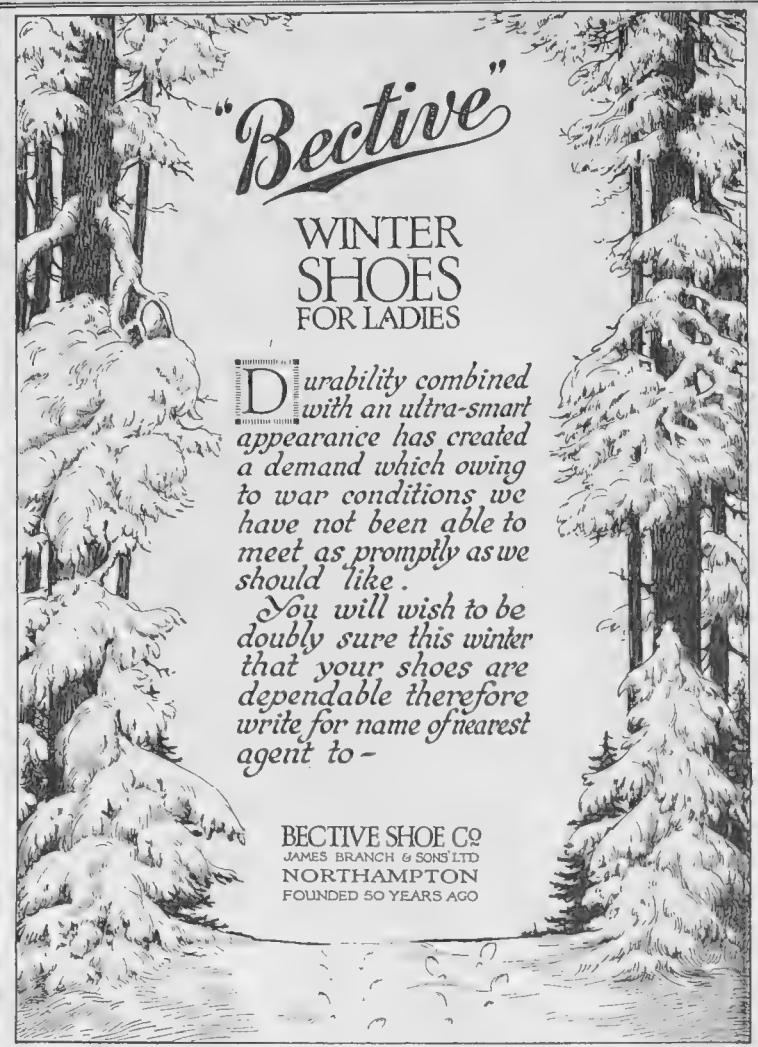
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in your own home.

THESE BEAUTIFUL ALBUMS of records in your home this Christmas ensure you many very pleasant hours. Think of the delight of sitting comfortably by your own fireside, with all your best friends about you, listening to some of the finest vocal and orchestral music of the day sung by the best artists. Christmas is the time when music is wanted, and this Christmas, when the spirit of happiness is enhanced by peace, music will be more than ever in demand. You cannot get better music in a simpler manner than upon 'His Master's Voice' fine records, and these artistically decorated Albums are not only an asset in every music-lover's home, but they also form the ideal *gift* for every music-lover.

GIVE AN 'HIS MASTER'S VOICE' ALBUM THIS CHRISTMAS

"THE MIKADO"

Eleven 12-in. Double-sided Records
in Album £3 : 17 : 0

"THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE"

Seven Records complete in Album
for £2 : 6 : 0

"IN A PERSIAN GARDEN"

Eight Records in Album,
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"THE BRITISH COMPOSERS' ALBUM"

contains Eight Orchestral Records, price £2 : 8 : 0

'HIS MASTER'S VOICE'

Gramophone Records in Albums.

Write to us for Dealer's Address nearest your home.

THE GRAMOPHONE CO. LTD.

Hayes,

Middlesex.



C.F.H.

Continued

designs at varying prices. No more delightful gift could be selected for Christmas; it can be heard any day, or Catalogue 5 will be sent on application to The Aeolian Company, 131-7, New Bond Street, W.1.

Grossmith
and Son.

Newgate Street, E.C., it is most keenly appreciated.



"WANA RANEE" FOR THE TOILET.
GROSSMITH AND SON.

are to match it hair-lotion, toilet-water, face-powder, dental cream, soap, cachous, sachets, toilet-cream, bath crystals, shampoo-powders, and brilliantine, also powder leaf books. These are all among the finest preparations possible to obtain; every woman likes them.

Harrods'. No present will be more enthusiastically acclaimed by girls, married or single, than pretty evening frocks. Dancing is the natural expression of joy, and we are all dancing now. Harrods' see ahead, and their evening-frock department, in which they make a specialty of simple frocks for dinner dances from 3 to 5½ guineas, is a prophetic masterpiece. They are lovely, these gowns—one of them is illustrated to show

how up to date they are. It is supplied in all the pretty, fresh shades that are so popular in ball-rooms just now; and the little touch of leaf-embroidery in contrasting or harmonising colour gives the *cachet* to the frock. Nor are these dresses provided only for evening. I saw one in black velours mouseline, with a little vest of white satin and little white buttons touched with black, that is quite a smart afternoon gown, and is 5½ guineas. A sulphur-coloured georgette frock, with a touch of pastel-blue embroidery and some silver lace, is lovely. Some of these gowns—there are scores to choose from—have jaunty little touches of fur on them. Some have little clusters of satin flowers—there is not one that is not pretty and up-to-date. Harrods' Christmas List is just right for this joyful season. A jolly scarlet-clad Father Christmas disports himself on the white cover; and inside—well, if everyone can't find all they want in the way of presents, they may go farther and fare worse!

Carrington's. A gift from Carrington's is a

gift, if not from the gods, certainly from the highest source of jeweller's skill and the greatest judgment of the beauty of gems. This celebrated firm of jewellers have long supplied our Royalty and Court circles, and at 130, Regent Street, the finest of gems, set forth with perfect taste, are always to be found. The choice in pearl necklets has never been larger than now. There are many from £100 to £20,000, and there are also single gems to add one or more to the centre of a necklace already owned, as the nucleus of making it one of great beauty and value—a fitting heirloom from Peace year. There are rings so beautifully set as to be works of art, worthy of the exceeding beauty of the gems, among which is a superb square emerald worth £2250. This is among the world's distinctive possessions. Single-pearl ear-rings are in much favour; they are either quite alone in their perfect beauty, or may fall slightly oval from diamond drops; one such pair cost £700, and would worthily

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THE "OSMONDE"
FROCK: HARRODS.

NOTE.—*The pronouncements of Pope & Bradley are sometimes visionary.*

THE LAST ABDICATION.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I HAD a dream. A wonderful, joyful dream A dream within a dream. I dreamed that I awoke with a curious feeling of lightness, of liberty, of freedom; such liberty and freedom as I had not known during the great war or the great peace. My soul was at rest, and full of divine content I strolled leisurely through the Bureaucratic Area of London, lazily enjoying the sunshine.

Life seemed suddenly so pleasant, so easy, so untrammelled.

And then I noticed, with a fierce pang of joy, that the windows of the Bureaucrats' stately homes were shattered, that stray cats dozed comfortably in the chairs where the Bureaucrats had dozed before, and that a charming air of neglect and desertion lay over all these former hives of bustling tyranny.

I consulted a comfortable-looking policeman, and his stare of supreme surprise made me realise the waking emotions of Rip Van Winkle.

"Haven't you heard?" he asked in amaze; "the last of the Bureaucrats abdicated six months ago."

* * * * *

He was a particularly mean-looking beggar, and his professional whine annoyed me; it clashed so horribly with the azure sky and the golden sunshine. It was not, however, a day to be ungenerous.

"But what did you do in the great war?" I broke in sternly, cutting short his banal fictions. A venomous gleam shot from his eyes, and for a moment he looked like a baffled and unclean snake.

"I sat there!" he snarled, waving a grimy hand in the direction of the shattered palaces. "Throughout the war I sat there, issuing orders that none dare disobey. For years, with the beautiful Dora at my beck and call, seducing me to fresh excesses, I lolled at ease in great armchairs. My corny toes trod gaily on priceless Persian carpets, great Corona Corona Coronas kissed my withered lips, young and wondrous wenches worshipped in hundreds at my court. I was monarch of all I

surveyed. My control was uncontrollable. Kind Sir, I was 'It,' even amongst the Bureaucrats!"

Criminal reminiscences always interest me.

"And what was the end?" I asked.

"They forced me to abdicate!" he cried, his voice rising to an indignant shriek. "They wouldn't even grant me an armistice. They made me surrender unconditionally. The very people whom I had done so well flung me out into the cold, dark world to start life afresh!"

"Is that all they did?" I asked sceptically; and his eyes fell.

"They branded me with an O.B.E." he mumbled, with bitter irony, "gave me a standard suit, and told me to earn my own living—I, who have never worked. It is a bitter world, kind Sir."

My pity fell asleep.

"Nemesis is just!" I observed gratefully, and prepared to resume my way. Then he descended to sordid essentials.

"Kind Sir," he pleaded, "although I have been used to champagne—I've seen better days in war-time, kind Sir—I—I—I could do with a pint of beer to drink your health in. My condition is one of gravity."

"There was no gravity in beer in your time," I replied vindictively. "I am sorry you must thirst on, for only this morning I gave my last blank cheque to the income-tax collector."

* * * * *

And then, to make use once more of the venerable joke at whose age even Aristophanes sneered, I woke up.

In all seriousness—and this is a necessary but miserable virtue in many concluding paragraphs—if Bureaucratic control continues it will not be worth while to develop the business of Pope and Bradley, and the intelligent and progressive brains of England will be forced to seek commercial adventure in other countries.





..... You've seen it through!

You don't want to talk about it. You don't want to think about it. You just want to lean back and feel that the day you've been dreaming of since that first August of 1914 has come at long last.

It's good to be alive. It's good to be with her. It's good to sit at home, lazily watching the smoke curl up from your

Kenilworth Cigarette, and enjoying the flavour of that wonderful golden tobacco that suits the hour so well.

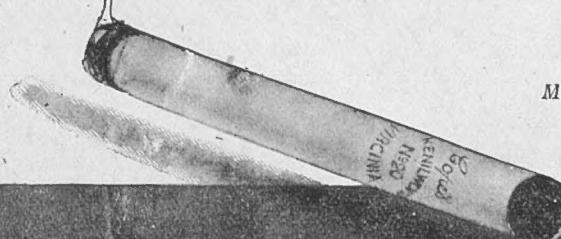
Peace finds Kenilworth Cigarettes unchanged in size.

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/4 for 20, 3/3 for 50, 6/6 100.

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the Front specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/9 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. Minimum order 200. Order through your Tobacconist or send remittance direct to us. Postal Address. 10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

Kenilworth Cigarettes

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD.,
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON,
Manufacturers of High-class Cigarettes.



Continued.]

ear-mark a really great Christmas. In brooches there is a fine choice; some of opal set with diamonds in palladium are most fascinating. Wristlet watches, too, are lovely; some are set with black onyx and diamonds—a most effective combination. Those who wish specially to mark this season to the special woman will find distinguished and delightful ways of doing so at Carrington's.



DAINTY GIFTS FOR LADIES: GOOCH.

Cameron Pen. Always a joy to its owner, therefore always a successful present, is a Cameron safety self-filler pen. It is so accommodating that it needs no special kind of ink-bottle and no filler. It expeditiously fills itself from any receptacle, and writes away swiftly and smoothly. All stationers and stores keep it, from 15s. to 5 guineas. The pen at 2 guineas illustrated is specially suited for a present; it is as handsome in appearance, with its 9-carat gold bands and caps, as it is efficient in work. A feature about the Cameron is that the nibs are iridium-pointed, modelled after the world's favourite blessings-to-men nibs.

Gooch's. Useful things which are also ornamental are gifts that women love. Of these there is charming variety at Gooch's far-famed establishment, Brompton House, Knightsbridge. I know no gift that will be more acceptable this year than something from their ladies' Undies Department, where some extraordinary value is offered. There are, for instance, the daintiest camisoles in silk, of various pale shades and white, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and beautifully made and finished, at 8s. 1d. each. Then there are stockings

in silk, with the heels and soles and tops of lisle thread, at 6s. 6d. a pair. Women who have been buying stockings recently will appreciate that is good value. Black cashmere stockings, at 4s. 6d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 11d. a pair, are also good in this way, and all the stockings are properly shaped, and do not fit only a straight up-and-down limo. Handkerchiefs, always a useful gift, are in plain colours, and in real fine linen are 8s. 6d. a dozen. In hand-made undies of all kinds there is exceptional value at Brompton House, Knightsbridge.

Yardley and Co. Eau-de-Cologne is more a necessity to a refined life than a luxury, and all idea of its being in any way German has long since exploded. Yardley and Co., 8, New Bond Street, are as British as British may be, and there are no finer makers of the finest eau-de-Cologne than they; it has been one of their specialties for 150 years at least. It is issued by them in the familiar shaped glass bottles and wicker bottles, and in handsome stoppered decanters which are gifts in themselves. It is a beautiful eau-de-Cologne—fragrant, aromatic, and hygienic; it is delicious and no one who knows it will ever again want any of German make. Yardley's perfumes have long held sway in feminine favour, and a gift of a box of perfume is always hailed with delight, particularly if it be "Vanity Fair," distilled from the flowers of choicest scent, and much in vogue at the moment. Soap is another specialty of the firm, and, with or without perfume to match, is always greatly esteemed. Yardley's have many; their Old English Lavender soap is particularly a favourite.

The "Decca." We must remember that our Armies of Occupation, and those on the Allies' side of the Hun frontier, want our help to be cheery far away from home, where the victory they have won is being celebrated. No gift will cheer them more than the "Decca" portable gramophone. It is

[Continued overleaf.]



BRITISH PERFUMES: YARDLEY.

Give him a
Gillette
this Christmas



A Peace-year Yuletide

THERE is a very natural demand this year for Yuletide gifts of the kind that will not only please but endure. This brings the Gillette Safety Razor to the very top of the list of really suitable Victory-year Christmas gifts. Give him a Gillette and it will be in his service not only on this the gladdest Christmas day in the world's history, but on every succeeding Christmas day and all other days during his lifetime.

Make quite sure that you get the Gillette Safety Razor and genuine Gillette blades.

Here and there you will find a dealer who will tell you that some other razor is "just-as-good," but he knows—no one better—that the only razor that is or can be just as good as the Gillette is another Gillette.

Gift that will endure

It will render a good account of itself day-by-day and remind him not only of the kindly thought that prompted the gift but of that splendid Christmas of 1918 which saw the birth of a new Freedom.

Gillette satisfaction is permanent satisfaction of the seven-days-a-week type.

It is the Safety Razor which gives a clean, smooth and delightfully pleasing shave in three minutes.

Gillette Standard set, comprising heavily-plated razor, 2 blade boxes, and 12 double-edged blades (24 shaving edges) in case, complete. 21/-

Pocket Edition Gillette set, in heavily-plated case, also at 21/-.

Write for Illustrated Booklet.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, LTD., 200, Great Portland Street, London, W.1. (D 5)

Gillette
SAFETY RAZOR

NO STROPPING.

NO HONING.



RIFLEMAN WILLIAM OATWAY (M.M.)

Royal Irish Rifles

British Expeditionary Force.

"I have very much pleasure in testifying to the beneficial effects derived from taking your Phosferine while on active service, and when I say on active service I mean it, because I was a Battalion Despatch Runner—one of the most trying and dangerous duties of the British Tommy. I took a very active part in the Battles of the Somme, Messines, Ypres and Cambrai, and was fortunate enough to have the Military Medal bestowed upon me for my work as a Despatch Runner. Imagine, therefore, what a strenuous time I had, coming through fairly well, always keeping fit and never being subject to toothache, loss of appetite, headaches or any of the other ailments many of the men had, who were exposed to the same weather conditions as I was—in fact, I 'carried on' until I was knocked over by a big bit of shrapnel. Ever since I was in the Army I have taken Phosferine."

This intrepid Despatch Runner considers it is really due to the vitalising properties of Phosferine, that he has escaped the nerve disorders and bodily ailments which Active Service provokes — Phosferine enabled his system to store up extra vitality in advance, and thus ensure that not even the severest hardships or exertions could overthrow his powers of resistance.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility
Influenza
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
Exhaustion

Neuralgia
Maternity Weakness
Premature Decay
Mental Exhaustion
Loss of Appetite

Lassitude
Neuritis
Faintness
Brain-Fag
Anæmia

Backache
Rheumatism
Headache
Hysteria
Sciatica

Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation.

SPECIAL SERVICE NOTE

Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for men on ACTIVE SERVICE, travellers, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required.

The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Your sailor or soldier will be the better for Phosferine—send him a tube of tablets. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices 1/3, 3/-, and 5/- The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

ALL OUR
WATCHES
GUARANTEED.

THE WATCH
FOR ACCURATE
TIME.



The "SERVICE"

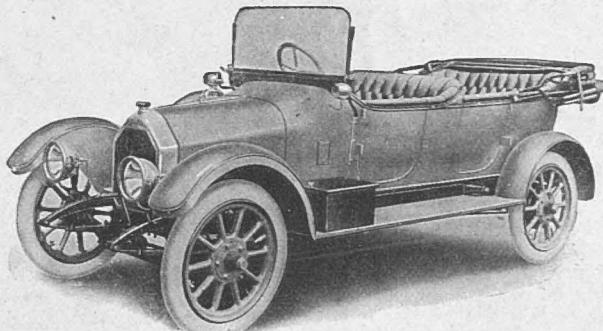
The "SERVICE" Pocket Watch, specially designed for the man in Military or Civilian life who does not care to carry a wrist watch. Some men argue that a wrist watch is not so well protected as a pocket watch, and to meet the demands for the latter "as good as our 'Land and Water'" we have evolved the "Service" Watch. This has a specially strong Silver Screw dust and damp proof case, with an extra dust-excluding rim, and is fitted with our famous "Land and Water" movement, which is recognised all over the world as the standard of reliability in watches. This includes the micrometer regulator for fine adjustment, by means of which we guarantee to regulate the watch to keep time within one minute a month, or two seconds per day. It has a keyless lever adjusted and compensated movement. The dial is white or black and fully luminous, with a strong crystal glass. This is an ideal watch for men in Civilian life or in the Services, as it is extremely thin, and as a timekeeper, can be compared with our "Land and Water" watch. Fully guaranteed.

Black Dial, £6 15s.

White Dial, £6 10s.

BIRCH & GAYDON, Ltd., (Estd. 1790.)

Technical and Scientific Instrument Makers to the Admiralty and War Office, Dept. 23, 153, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. 3. (Phone: 2150 Cent.) West End Branch (late John Barwise), 19, Piccadilly Arcade, London, S.W.1. For particulars of other Watches and Catalogue of Jewellery and Silver, please send postcard.



The 10 h.p. 2-3 or 4-Seater, complete with C.A.V. Electric Lighting Set and Self-Starter.

Assurance of Quality

THE foundations of British supremacy in workmanship and material were established in the Halls of the ancient Guilds.

This high standard, particularly noticeable in accuracy and finish, prevails to-day, of which in the Motor Car Industry there is no finer example than the HUMBER.

Quality and all that it connotes will predominate in post-war models of the

Humber

HUMBER LIMITED, COVENTRY.

Continued.

always ready to strike up the music that our soldiers love, and is so compact and easy to carry that it is no more trouble to transport than a hand-bag. It will play from any make and size of needle record. In leather cloth, it costs £7 15s.; in compressed fibre, £8 15s.; and in solid cowhide, 12 guineas. All stores and music-dealers supply it; and in hospital, camp, or billets it will give the most efficient help to secure A Merry Christmas, such as our gallant lads so well deserve.

Misses

England and all things English are dearer to us now than ever; therefore, the beautiful English violet preparations of the Misses Allen-Browne will be more in demand this Christmas than ever.

Whether they are the exquisite perfume itself, which gives a breath of England when the spring is here, or the soap, or the bath salts, or the sachets, or any other of the charming preparations of these clever English ladies from the violets grown at their own violet nurseries in Surrey, they are welcomed eagerly as gifts. A selection of them, daintily packed, is a first-rate present, and particulars of it, and of other preparations, will be sent on application to the Misses Allen-Browne, Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex.



DAINTY PERFUME FOR PRESENTS:
ALLEN-BROWNE.

Barker's. Few shops in this great shopping centre of ours have as great a reputation for good value as John Barker and Co., High Street, Kensington. Naturally, therefore, it is much frequented near Christmas. There is in the dressing-gown a wonderful choice of beautiful things. In Japanese embroidered crêpe-de-Chine kimono tea-gowns the stock is quite unique, and the embroidery and colours perfectly lovely. The prices, also, are quite pleasantly moderate. For 75s. one can have a lovely gown in sunset-pink silk, with a design of blush roses and grey-green leaves over it. There are embroideries on wine-coloured crêpe-de-

Chine of trails of poppies, so rich that they stand right out, and are a joy to the artistic eye for colour-harmony and for design. Black crêpe-de-Chine gowns with superb designs of chrysanthemums are also very lovely. There are tea-jackets, also similarly embroidered, that are most dainty, lovely, and becoming. These can be acquired from 25s. 6d. in pale colours, with pretty and appropriate embroideries, up to most elaborate and handsome examples that are works of art.

Gillette.

If you want to add to a man's happiness, whether he be at home or abroad, make your Christmas present to him a Gillette Safety Razor. There is nothing they like so well. Our men are more demoralised by a stubby growth of beard than by anything. A Gillette makes them really comfortable. A standard set, comprising a heavily plated razor, two blade-boxes—twelve double-edged blades, making twenty-four shaving edges—in a case complete, costs a guinea, and will give many guineas' worth of comfort. A good plan is to write for the new illustrated Gillette book to 200, Great Portland Street, W.1, in which other forms of razor gifts are set forth.

**Luce's
Eau-de-Cologne.**

A gift of real good eau-de-Cologne is a gift always welcome. Luce's, the well-known Jersey distillers of this favourite essence, supply it of a special excellence. It is a refreshing, invigorating perfume; a hygienic and delightful mouth-wash, well diluted with water; it is a purifier of rooms, used to sprinkle carpets—a little in a half-pint of tepid water; and, after a shampoo, some used in this way is very good for the hair, and most cooling and soothing to the scalp. Since early Victorian days Luce's eau-de-Cologne has enjoyed a wide popularity; it costs 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 9s. 6d.

[Continued overleaf.]



BEAUTY AND COMFORT
FOR CHRISTMAS:
BARKER'S.

Practice makes perfect.



are the result of a long and thorough cigarette manufacturing experience, and are to-day the most perfect hand-made Virginia cigarettes ever produced.

25 for 1/8½

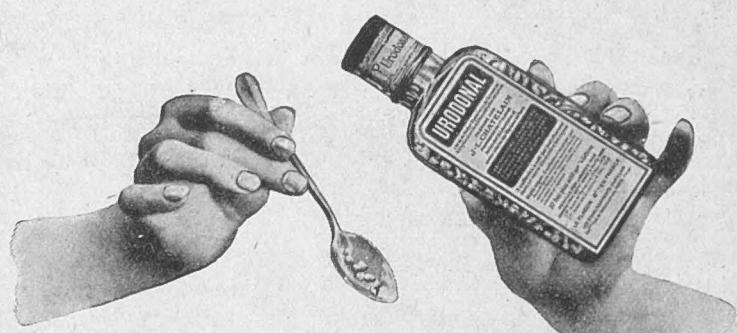
50 for 3/5 100 for 6/10

To be obtained of all High-class Tobacconists.

ALEX. BOGUSLAVSKY, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

Urodonal

Powerful Uric Acid Solvent.



**Rheumatism
Gout
Gravel
Arterio-
Sclerosis.
Neuralgia
Obesity**



Medical Opinion:
"URODONAL is not only the most powerful uric acid solvent at present known to Science, being 37 times more powerful than lithia, but it also prevents its excessive production and its accumulation in the joints and tissues."

—Dr. P. SUARD, late Professor attached to the Naval Medical College; late Hospital Physician.

Price 5/- and 12/- per bottle.

Prepared at Chatelain's Laboratories, Paris. Obtainable from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free, 5/6 and 12/6, from the British & Colonial Agents, HEPPELS, Pharmacists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Full explanatory booklets sent post free on application.